# RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR

July
25¢



DON McNEILL and his sons— DONNIE, TOMMY and BOBBY

COME AND VISIT

## DON McNEILL'S FAMILY

AN EXCLUSIVE HOME STORY WITH FULL COLOR PICTURES

SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
**THIS CONTEST FOR WOMEN ONLY!**

# In honor of this year's June Brides...Camay offers

# $47,500 in prizes!



**EVERY WOMAN CAN ENTER...YOU MAY WIN!**

This is the season of beauty and romance and brides! To honor the June Brides of 1948, Camay is running a new kind of contest... *for women only!* And this contest is really *five* contests—you may enter every week for 5 weeks. Every week, Camay will award a $1,000 bill. And there are 2,630 prizes in all!

**So easy to enter — here's what you do!**

First, try Camay. Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother, clearer skin—if you give up careless cleansing—stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, described on the wrapper. And try Bath-Size Camay, too. Daily baths with Bath-Size Camay can make you lovelier from head to toes!

**Tips that may help to make *you* a winner!**

Discover Camay's advantages—and enter the Contest. Finish the sentence "I like Camay because ....," in 25 additional words or less, following the contest rules. Write about Camay's mildness—its fragrance—any quality you prefer. You may win $1,000!

## EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS

**First Prize—$1,000 in Cash**

**25 Prizes—$100 Each in Cash**

AND

**500 MIRRO-MATIC PRESSURE COOKERS**

(4-Quart Size)



**2,630 WINNERS IN ALL!**




Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

## READ THESE EASY RULES!

**1.** Complete this sentence, "I like Camay because ....." in 25 additional words or less. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

**2.** Mail to Camay, Dept. PM, Box 357, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to enclose the wrappers from one regular-size and one bath-size cake of Camay, or three regular-size wrappers, or facsimiles, with each entry.

**3.** Any female resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal and State regulations.

**4.** There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—

| CONTEST | OPENS | CLOSES |
|---|---|---|
| 1st contest | Now | Sat., June 12 |
| 2nd contest | Sun., June 13 | Sat., June 19 |
| 3rd contest | Sun., June 20 | Sat., June 26 |
| 4th contest | Sun., June 27 | Sat., July 3 |
| 5th contest | Sun., July 4 | Sat., July 10 |

**5.** Entries received before midnight, Saturday, June 12, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.

**6.** Prizes awarded each week will be:

**1st Prize—$1,000.00 in cash.**
**25 Prizes of $100.00 each in cash.**
**500 additional prizes, each a Mirro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-quart size)**

**7.** Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

**8.** First prize winners will be announced on Camay's radio program, "Pepper Young's Family," about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.

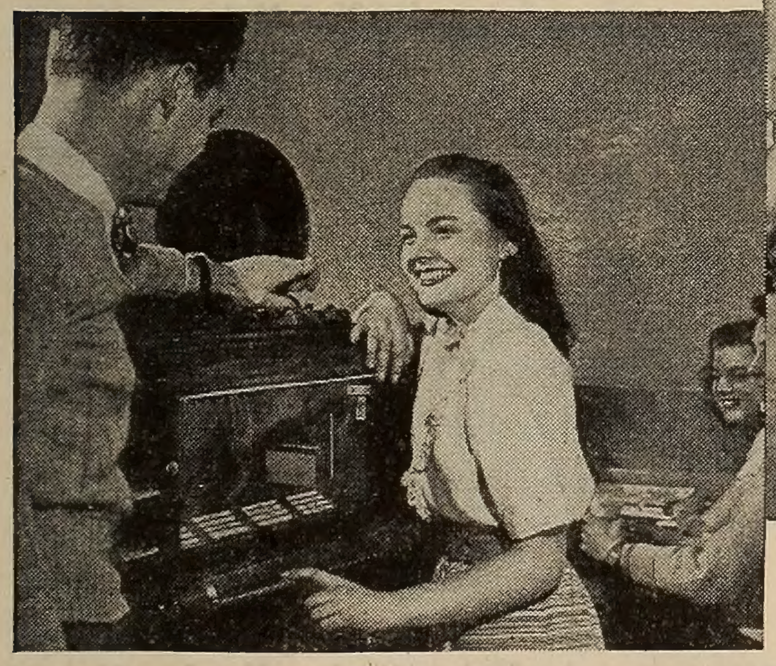
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# date life of a junior model

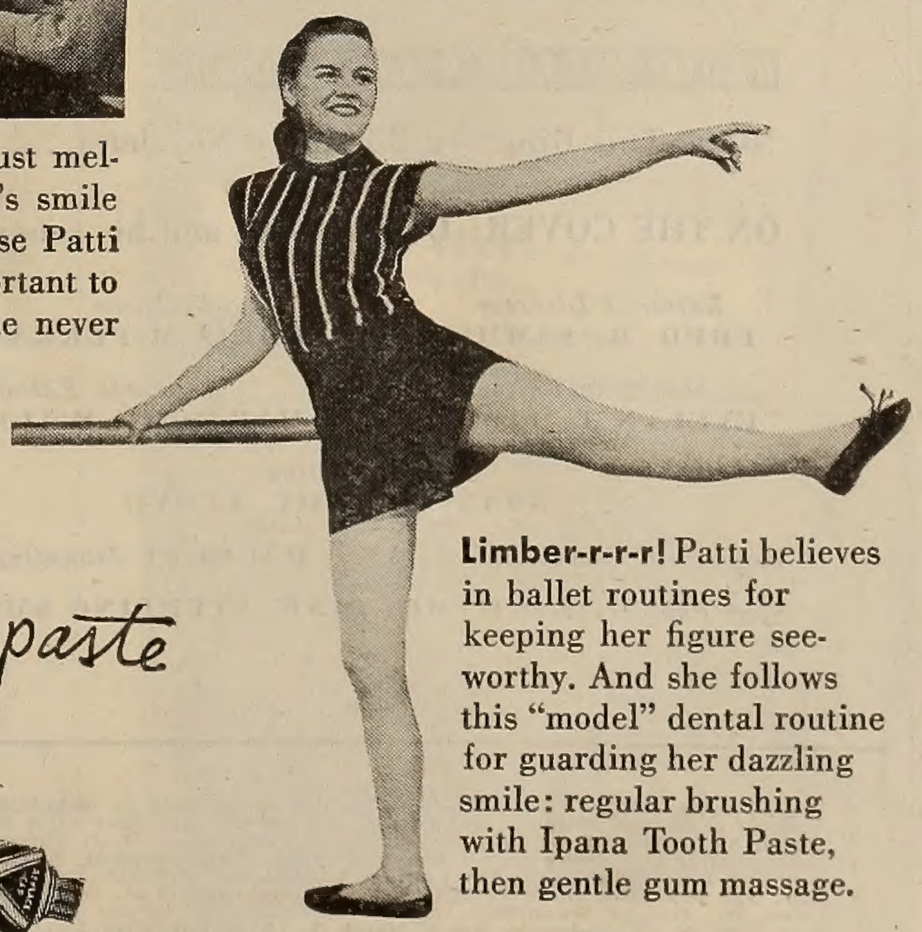
**Thornton cutie Patti Marcheret of Flushing, L. I., has a smile that takes her places. C'mon along!**



**Going around in circles** (the *nicest* circles!) is pert Patti Marcheret—a famous name model at 18! Patti is a teen-queen with more dates than a history book. Know why? Because the same bright 'n beautiful Ipana smile that makes her such a terrific fashion model has a devastating effect on every lad she meets. Take a leaf from her date-book—get Ipana today!



**Music has charms**—but even a stardust melody can't outshine the charm of Patti's smile for current escort Bill Sommer! Because Patti knows this: firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never skips her Ipana care!



**Limber-r-r-r!** Patti believes in ballet routines for keeping her figure see-worthy. And she follows this "model" dental routine for guarding her dazzling smile: regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.



**Dentists recommend Ipana** 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases. (Facts from recent national survey.) Ask *your* dentist about massage—and follow his advice. *Help him guard your smile of beauty!*

**Ipana** tooth paste




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*for your Smile of Beauty!*

R
M






JULY, 1948

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VOL. 30, NO. 2

KEYSTONE EDITION


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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood—Beverly Hills Office: 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Joseph Schultz, Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. San Francisco Office: 1613 Russ Building, Joseph M. Dooher, Mgr. Los Angeles Office: Suite 908, 649 South Olive St., George Weatherby, Mgr. Reentered as Second Class matter March 1, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $2.50 per year. All other countries $5.00 per year. Price per copy: 25c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.
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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

# RADIO MIRROR QUIZ



Joe Kelly, this month's Guest Quizmaster, is M.C. of NBC's Quiz Kids, Sunday 4:00 PM, EDT.



1. This screen star is radio's newest comedy hit. Who is she?



2. He's *Fred Allen* to his millions of fans, but what is his real name?



3. *Charlie Cantor*, well-known radio actor, was a college teacher. What character is he on what famous program?

4. What singing star of his own show was taught by his mother, a former concert singer?
5. On what program did Eddie Cantor and Edgar Bergen get their start in radio?

## MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS

A. Who was the first President to live in the White House?
B. Who invented the automobile?

ANSWERS:

1. Marie Wilson, as My Friend, Irma.
2. John Florence Sullivan.
3. "Finnegan," the answer to a moron's prayer on Duffy's Tavern.
4. Dick Haymes.
5. Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour.

A. John Adams, 2nd President of the United States.
B. Nicholas Cugnot of Paris, in 1769.





*Everybody* loves SAN FRANCISCO!

Its hills, cable cars, *bright sunshine* and fog, bridges, cosmopolitan atmosphere, invigorating *all-year* climate, people, life—there is so much to like about San Francisco. Everywhere are breath-taking views. Beautiful homes cling to the hillsides. Stately buildings reveal its civic pride, educational and cultural achievements.

Here where a gay and fascinating city contributes so much to the pleasure of living, and visiting, it is natural that San Franciscans enjoy the fine flavor of—

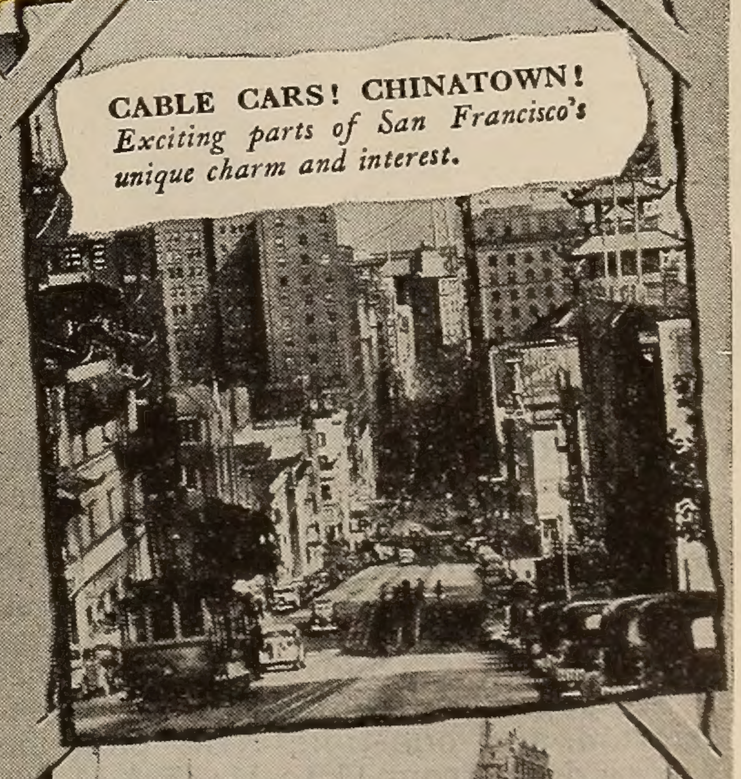
**Beech-Nut Gum**

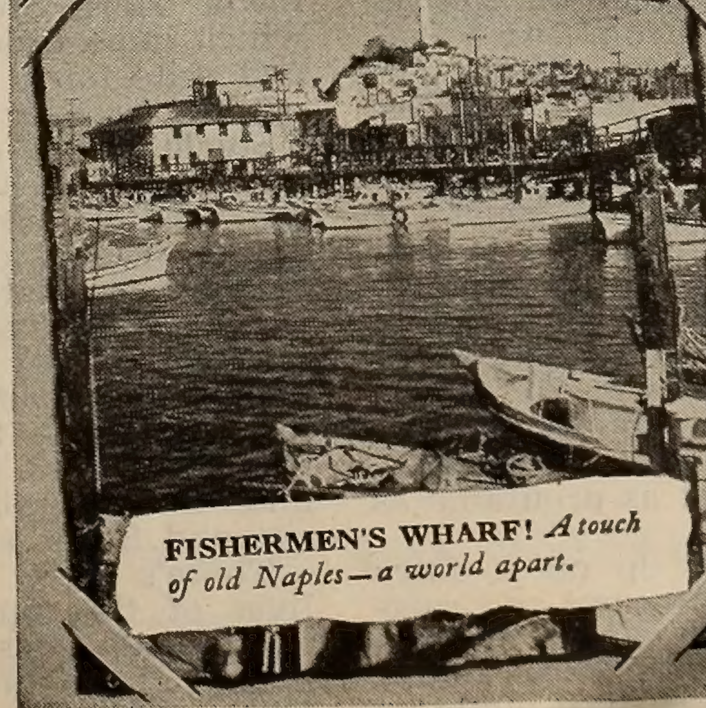
*It has the flavor everyone likes*

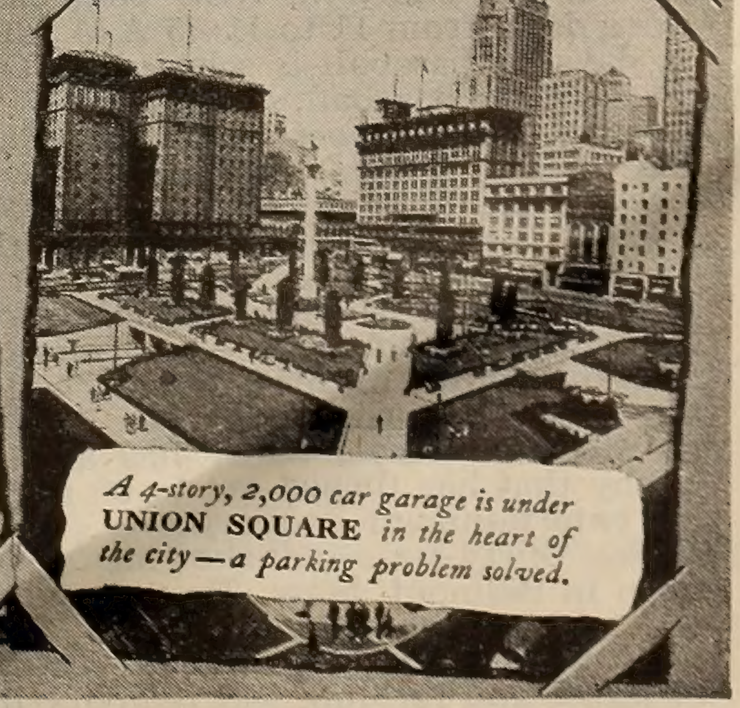



Beech-Nut BEECHIES *Candy Coated Gum* —good, too—



Ted. Steele, gentleman farmer—the role that's dearest to his heart.






Ted's only complaint: a day is limited to twenty-four hours!

# GOLDEN BOY

# *Ted Steele*




Band leader, platter spinner, and more—Ted has a deep, rich baritone which he accompanies on the Hammond organ.

A VERSATILE young man is WMCA's Ted Steele, the disc jockey extraordinary, whose only complaint with life is the archaic custom which limits a day to twenty-four hours. As it is, the "Golden Boy" of the air now manages to be one of the busiest men in radio and a highly successful gentleman farmer on the side by double-timing from dawn to dusk.

As a platter spinner on the New York Independent station, the one-time NBC page boy goes on the air twice daily from 11 to 11:45 A.M., and from 2 to 5 P.M. on days no baseball is scheduled. On baseball days he precedes the baseball, starting 2 P.M. He plays the latest records, coaxes sweet music from the Hammond organ and sings in a deep, rich baritone when he's not interviewing big names from the show business whirl.

From WMCA Ted hustles each night to the famous Casino-on-the-Park in the Essex House to lead his reorganized band which is attracting recognition as one of the most promising of the new musical aggregations.

But it's down on his farm at Doylestown, Pa., in the heart of celebrity-conscious Bucks County, where Farmer Ted Steele really has a chance to work at a hobby that has turned out to be almost as profitable as his entertainment endeavors.

The thirty-year-old showman grew up on a dairy farm in Belmont, Mass. He was milking cows and raising rabbits before he was six. At the age of thirteen he won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music and farming was temporarily shelved while he pursued his musical career.

Success came fast to the handsome New Englander and just before World War II he purchased a modest farm at Pearl River, N. Y. . . . He raised thousands of white mice, guinea pigs and rabbits for wartime medical research and was awarded a special citation by the War Department.

The next step was a modern, 150-acre farm at Doylestown. Here Steele raises pure-bred Guernsey cattle which have brought him many blue ribbons at county and state fairs. In addition, he has become the largest poultry breeder in the area.

Steele is now recognized as an authority, particularly on modern farming methods. Last year he was hired by Westinghouse as a special farm consultant. He personally answers hundreds of letters a week from farmers throughout the country.

Obviously, Ted couldn't maintain his pace of productive activity without help. And the head of the assistance department is pretty Doris Steele, his wife. Mrs. Steele, a former agent, manages her husband's business affairs, runs the farm while he's away and still finds time to raise two handsome little Steeles—Susan, six, and Sally, age five.

There's never time for a dull moment in the busy lives of this unique young family. Now if someone would only pass a bill in Congress making each day forty-eight hours long, the Steeles could accomplish twice as much.



# "Look, Buttercup, your trouble is right under your nose!"



There's a new man in her life. It's her first real date with him and she's been getting ready for it all day long. He is the one-and-only and tonight is, indeed, the night for romance.

Unfortunately it isn't going to work out that way.

Before nine o'clock he'll be wondering what he ever saw in her . . . Cupid will put the arrow back in his quiver . . . and she'll cry herself to sleep wondering whatever happened to turn his ardor into indifference.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" you say. Nonsense! Don't waste your sympathy on her! She doesn't deserve it. No woman does who blindly takes her breath for granted . . . even for one night. After all, nothing puts you in such a bad light as halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Isn't it just common sense and good grooming to always rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you wish to be at your best? You go forth with a wonderful sense of assurance that your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
*St. Louis, Missouri*

Before any date **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** for oral hygiene

*NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?*

# YOUR CHILDREN—



Commissioner James B. Nolan, of the NYC Police Department, had ideas about children to offer the radio audience of The Second Mrs. Burton.

# *and other people's!*

By TERRY BURTON

EVER since Commissioner Nolan of the New York City Police Department visited us here in Dickston I've been doing a lot of thinking about some of the things he told me. I've talked it over with Stan, too, and he agrees with me that the Commissioner had some extremely stimulating things to say about the duty of women toward their own youngsters *and other people's!*

In what better way could any woman spend her free time than in constructive, interesting work that is of real benefit to the community in which she lives? And any community, regardless of size, Commissioner Nolan told me, can have a really active recreational program for youngsters which would be interesting and of real benefit to the town. The way to get it started? Cooperation between the women of the community and the police department, patterned after New York City's Police Athletic League.

"Through the PAL," the Commissioner told me, "New York's policemen instill in youngsters good character, a sense of responsibility, and, so very important, a friendly attitude between the boys and girls and the police officers. The program provides an opportunity for youngsters to pursue any activity in which they're interested."

What can work in New York can work anywhere else, too. In fact there are already many police-sponsored youth programs, all over the country, giving youngsters a chance for some real fun that they'd never have if such programs hadn't been brought into being. Of course, there are already many agencies and organizations that seem to have aims and objectives very much like the PAL. Commissioner Nolan explained that the policeman's, as well as the whole town's concern should be the youngster who isn't served by any other organization—the one who needs help most of all. They won't be hard to find, those children—it's up to us to find them and offer them the opportunities they need. Through our own efforts, and with the cooperation of neighbors and friends, combined with the always-ready service of the police of our towns, we can make our own community a better place for growing up.

I'd like to pass along to you what Commissioner Nolan said, just before he left us. In answer to my thought that the main duty of a Police Department was to patrol the streets, to keep law and order, he said, "The prevention of crime, Mrs. Burton, is only one of the responsibilities of the police. There's a bigger responsibility involved—that of shaping the future of our young citizens. We must extend to every growing boy and girl a helping hand."

**Every Wednesday a Family Counselor visits The Second Mrs. Burton (heard Mondays through Fridays at 2 P. M. EDT, on CBS) to discuss a problem of interest to homemakers. On this page each month Terry Burton reports on one of these discussions to readers of Radio Mirror. If you have a problem you would like to hear discussed, won't you send it along to Terry Burton, in care of Radio Mirror?**

In Nation-wide test... New Woodbury Powder

# Preferred on Every Beauty Count!

*WINS 4 TO 1 OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS OF POWDER*

**The Winner!** The new and overwhelming favorite of women in a recent nation-wide test is the amazing New Woodbury Powder!

**4 out of 5** preferred Woodbury to the powder they had been using!

**In this most exacting** test of all—against a woman's own favorite face powder—Woodbury won decisively. Actually, Woodbury won over 17 leading face powders! And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality!

**Today** see the exciting difference on your skin... the astonishing beauty that's yours in New Woodbury Powder!

**TWICE NEW!**

**New Secret Ingredient!** New Woodbury Powder contains a secret ingredient that gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look, yet covers tiny blemishes!

**New Revolutionary Process!** In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new blending machine. It whirls color into powder and powder into color with a force so violent a tornado would seem tame in comparison. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible!"... richness of shade that's "unbelievable!"... freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

**Here's what women said about New Woodbury Powder:**

Better, finer Texture
Clings longer
Smoother look on skin
Less "Powdery" appearance
Covers skin flaws better.

*NEW* Woodbury Powder $1.00

*Also Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢—prices plus tax*
*6 exciting shades*




*IT'S LIKE STARTING LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLY LOVELIER COMPLEXION!*

# SUN SPOTS



*Reminder: your "day in the sun" should be a brief five minutes each side, to start your tan!*



Lucille Norman is heard on NBC, Sat. 10:30 P.M., PDT.

By MARY JANE FULTON

BEING a fair-skinned, blonde, and blue-eyed girl, Lucille Norman has always had to be careful when in the sun. In fact, like *all* sensitive-skinned gals, she never could stay in it for any length of time without suffering a painful burn.

However, when she married actor Bruce Kellogg (Lucille stars in NBC's Saturday night program, The Music Hour from Hollywood), they took a cute little house right on the beach at Malibu, California. Bruce has light brown hair, dark eyes, and a skin which tans to a beautiful bronze. He likes to spend hours in the sun. So Lucille decided that, to be a match for her surfboard-riding husband, she should learn how to take it, too.

She tried the suntan lotions and creams which Bruce and their friends recommended. Everyone, she discovered, has a favorite kind. Finally, she hit on one that seemed to be just right for her.

Before going to the beach, she applies it to all the exposed parts of her body. Because her figure is shapely and slender enough to wear a brief bathing suit becomingly, this means a great deal of Lucille! Into her beach bag, along with a miniature comb and brush, compact, and other beach necessities, goes her anti-burn, tan-inducing remedy. She re-applies it frequently, to *keep* her skin well lubricated.

Although the picture of her sitting on the beach doesn't show her wearing sunglasses, she does. She has several pairs with different-colored frames to harmonize with the colors of various outfits, and wears them to screen her eyes from the sun's strong glare, and to keep her from getting squint-lines and crows' feet around the corners of her eyes.

At first she sunned herself three minutes a day, on each side. Gradually, she increased the time each day. Now, over a period of months she has become used to longer exposure, and can enjoy the sun for several hours daily. A mistake many girls make, she now knows, is trying to acquire a beautiful tan in too short a time.

Obtain one slowly, she advises, and either duck into the shade often or cover up with a beach robe. Also, wear a wide-brimmed beach hat.

A healthy look is better than a burned-to-a-crisp one. If you don't get to a beach often enough, you can achieve an even fake tan with the aid of this season's lovely suntan make-ups. So why risk too much sun and wind exposure? "I know from experience," says Lucille, "that a sensitive-skinned girl is in for trouble, unless she learns how to get along with Old Sol."

# NEW! IMPROVED!

# Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



## From a Noted Fifth Avenue Salon

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers, it's that easy to give yourself the NEW, IMPROVED RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon. With it, you can set your hair in any style . . . from sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).



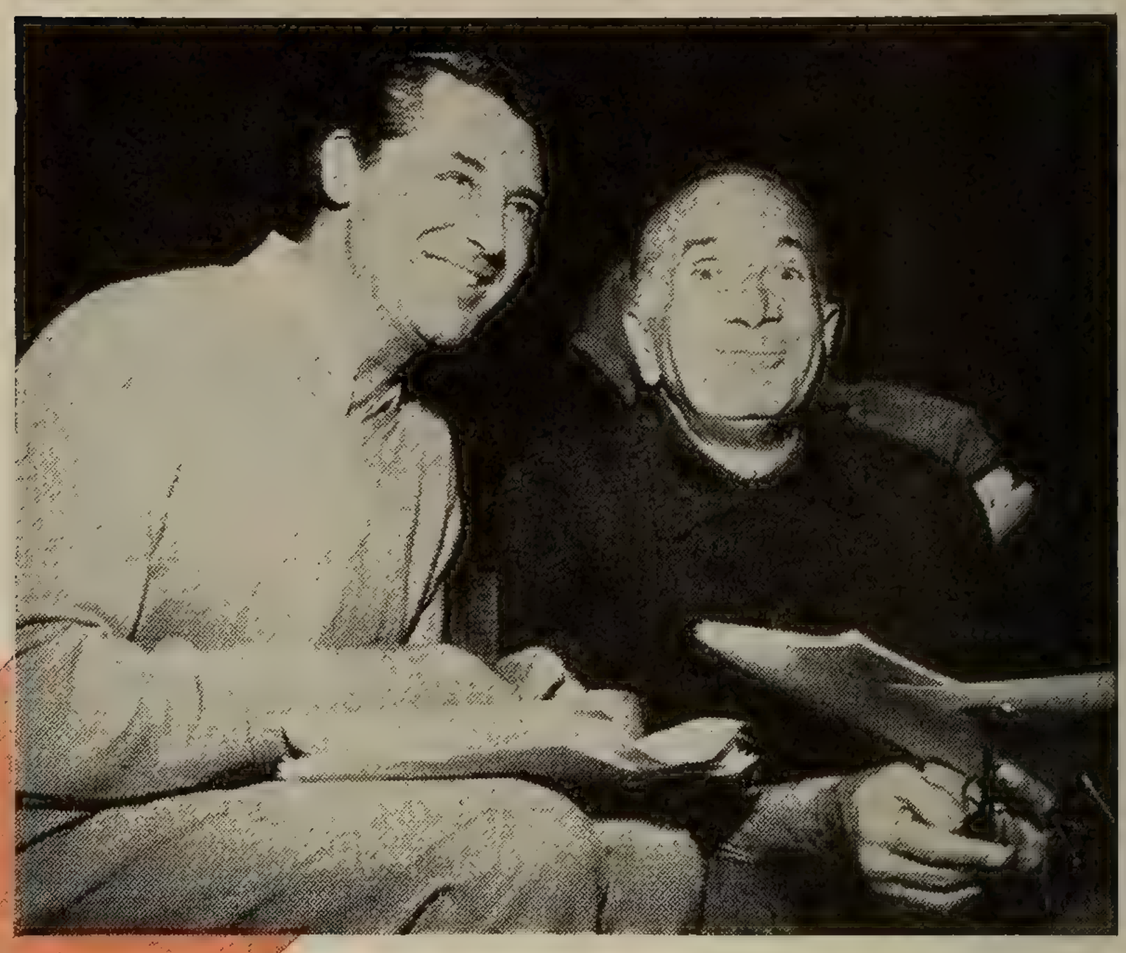

## It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time
2. One-third more waving lotion . . . more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave . . . non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.




Dick Brown and Kay Armen sing the mystery songs on ABC's new Stop the Music!

Cary Grant, recent guest on NBC Music Hall (Thurs., 9) heard some of star Al Jolson's best off-mike comments.





Through Dr. Wayland Hand of UCLA, Jo Stafford establishes a Folklore Prize.

# Facing

By

DUKE ELLINGTON

DON'T be too surprised if Frank Sinatra blossoms out as a full-fledged movie director. You see, the big boys over at MGM are very keenly interested in a soon-to-be-made screen test of singer Beryl Davis. The big secret is that Frankie's directing the test. If it pans out successfully, Frank will receive a musical film for his first official assignment.

* * *

Now that the CBS Club 15 stint for Bob Crosby is over until the coming Fall, Bob will debut his newly organized band at the Strand Theater in New York. There'll be several of the old "Bobcats" in the new group.

* * *

So successful were Lena Horne's recent European and Mexican personal appearance tours that rumor now has her making preparations for another overseas trip this year. This time, Lena will probably visit the Scandinavian countries.

* * *

The introduction of London Records to the American public has lost England some of her best musical talent. Thus far Denny Dennis, pianist George Shearing, guitarist Dave Goldberg and drummer-vocalist Jack Parnell have arrived in America for personal appearance tours, while songstresses Vera Lynn and Anne Shelton are also scheduled to make the transatlantic crossing. And that's only

Eddie Duchin, vacationing at Sun Valley, shared his birthday cake with Mrs. Duchin and Tyrone Power (l.).



On Duke Ellington's WMCA show, guest Lena Horne spoke happily of her European tour, looked forward to another.




Martha Tilton adds her "liltin'" to the Dick Haymes CBS program.



# the Music

fair, what with such American talent as Danny Kaye, Mae West, Mickey Rooney, The Ink Spots, Martha Raye and Lena Horne having invaded England recently.

* * *

On Jean Sablon's recent trip to England he was signed to make an unusual soundtrack-only recording of a musical introduction to the new Gainsborough film, "Miranda." The song is the title tune, written especially for the motion picture.

* * *

Dinah Shore has a promise from Columbia Records that, just as soon as the ban on discing is over, she will be allowed to wax "Melissa," written in honor of her daughter by an Ohio fan. Those who have heard the song claim it's a real "sleeper."

* * *

Ralph "Muffit" Moffat, disc jockey on Allied Forces Network in Munich, Germany, writes that he is featuring Johnny Long records on his "Music's No Mystery" program. It's a show primarily aired for GIs in occupied Europe, but Moffat has a large audience of Europeans who appreciate good American popular music.

* * *

By this time most of the Kenton fans will know, but for the few who haven't heard, there have been some important changes in the group. Shelly Manne has turned over the drum chair to Irving Kluger and Conti Condoli is on one trumpet in place of Al Porcino.

* * *

And, speaking of the Kenton band, those who've been wondering what happened to Kai Winding, who was Stan's trombone star for a long time, take note of the following fact. Kai and be-bopper Red Rodney have a little group of their own that's doing quite well for itself in the Midwest.

* * *

We don't want to believe that a fan could do something like this but— A recent robbery of an Atlantic City record shop resulted in the loss of all the proprietor's cash and his complete stock of Sarah Vaughan records! So, if you see police hanging around Sarah's next concert appearance you'll know why they're there.

* * *

Already known as one of the best golfers in show business, Sammy Kaye is readying himself for his entry into the National Amateur Golf Championship Tournament to be held early in September at the Memphis Country Club, in Memphis, Tennessee. And readying himself is no easy job, considering that he's involved in making one of those gruelling trips of one night stands with his band.

# SWIM

any day of the month with **Tampax**

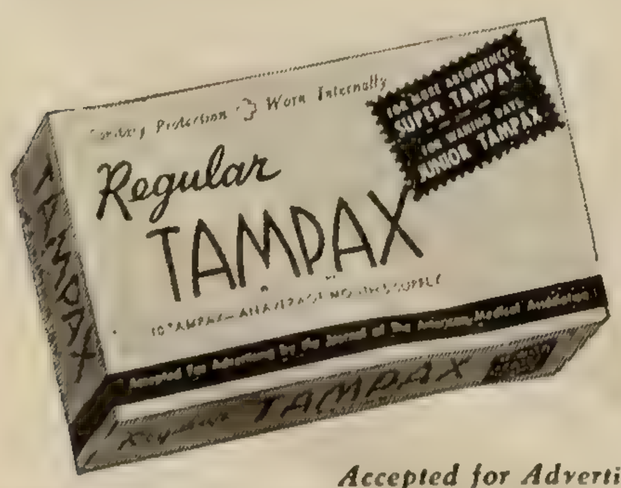


BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



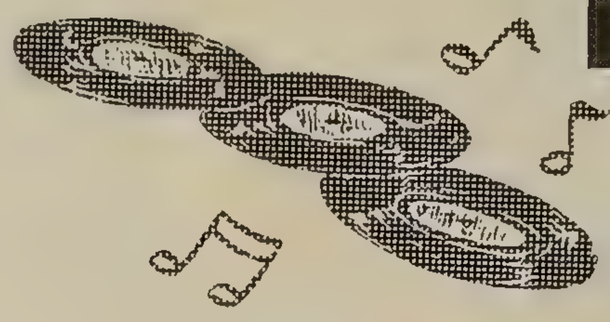

*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*

R
M


# *Look at the* RECORDS

**By Joe Martin**





**Doris Day's Columbia record, reviewed below, has its humorous side—but the other side balances with something sentimental.**

## DANCING OR LISTENING

DORIS DAY (Columbia)—Doris pairs a pseudo-hillbilly tune, "It's A Quiet Town," with a dreamy ballad, "It's The Sentimental Thing To Do." The first side includes some humorous patter and fine vocal support from the Modernaires. The reverse has possibilities as a popular favorite.

JULIA LEE (Capitol)—Julia and Her Boyfriends present "Crazy World" and "That's What I Like." Instrumental support on each of these is by a group of fine jazz musicians. Julia's piano and voice combination is tops. Oddly, though, saxist Benny Carter plays trombone on "Crazy World."

JOSEPH FUCHS (MGM)—The brilliant young violinist caresses two lovely selections, supported by Macklin Marrow's string group. The familiar "Intermezzo" may be your favorite—we prefer the haunting "Lotus Land."

FRANKIE LAINE (Mercury)—The highly stylistic Mr. Laine is particularly effective with "That Ain't Right"—strictly 12 bar blues and well done. Reverse, "May I Never Love Again" is a melody of some merit.

FREDDY MARTIN (RCA Victor)—Who cares about technical musicianship when Freddy Martin pairs "The New Look" with "Jungle Rhumba?" The lyric on the former is inspired, and much the same can be said for Barclay Allen's piano solo on the latter.

KATE SMITH (MGM)—The perennial Kate offers "Long After Tonight" and "The Miracle Of The Bells." We much prefer the first side for its beautiful melody and restrained vocal. Smith fans will undoubtedly welcome either one.

HADDA BROOKS (Modern)—Another gal who is equally effective with a vocal or piano solo is Hadda Brooks. Her version of "Honey, Honey, Honey" is as sensuous a disc as we've ever heard. It's barrelhouse piano on "Hollywood House Party Boogie."

ANNE SHELTON (London)—She of the husky voice is at her very best with "Oh My Darling." We'll take it for the best she's ever done. Most will probably prefer "Love Of My Life." But even Cole Porter can be wrong sometimes.

JIMMY DURANTE (MGM)—The label says Jimmy sings. Call it what you will, it's Durante. That should be enough to tell you that. "The Day I Read A Book" and "Chidabee-Ch-Ch" are happy, hokum, hoarse, hysterical and humdingers.

THE HARMONAIRES (Majestic)—A vocal group that sings with taste, vigor and vitality. David Newlin handles the solo part on "I'll Get Along Somehow," while the group presents "Runnin' Wild" as a choral classic.

EDDY HOWARD (Majestic)—"Encore, Cherie" is the tune that's been recorded by many a top artist. Eddy and his trio sparkle, however, on "Just Because." That's the side that's based on a hillbilly hit of a while ago.

* * *

## ALBUM ARTISTRY

INSIDE U. S. A. (Columbia)—Buddy Clark and Pearl Bailey shine brilliantly in this three-record set. Pearl sings "Blue Grass" and "Protect Me" in her inimitable fashion. Buddy and the Mitchell Ayres Orchestra combine to offer "My Gal Is Mine Once More," "Rhode Island Is Famous For You," "First Prize At The Fair" and "Haunted Heart."

RUMBA DE CUBA (Capitol)—It's Chuy Reyes and his Hollywood Mocambo Orchestra who play this group of eight tangy and piquant Cuban rumbas. Close your eyes and you'll imagine yourself in the famous Mocambo or the Nationale in Havana—take your pick. "Blen! Blen! Blen!" and "Negra Leono" are our favorites.

**FACING the MUSIC**

# Collector's Corner



**By LOUIS PRIMA**

*Very much as expected, this month's guest collector, Louis Prima, selected novelty songs as his topic. Louis' series of novelties recorded with his band for RCA-Victor would in themselves make a good basis for a collection.*

The close race for popularity between ballads and novelties continues neck and neck. It would be interesting to know what exact percentage of fans gets the bigger kick out of such lush tunes as "Love Of My Life" or the sentimental "You Were Meant For Me," as contrasted with the zany, screwball appeal of "Three Little Fishies," "The Music Goes Round and Round" or my own recent "Oh, Florence." It's a toss-up, I'm sure. The current crop of wacky ditties, however, bears out my contention that as long as we keep our sense of humor, these inspired bits of zany za-zu-zaz will keep up the spinning. I'd just as soon start collecting with some of the more recent daffy discs.

The irrepressible Spike Jones demonstrates a frantic and imaginative technique in his riotous effect for RCA-Victor with "Down In Jungle Town," a corn treatment in the style of "way back when." The modern touch, however, includes a miniature "darkest Africa" travelogue with a "Peg O' My Heart" interpolation. But then maybe you'll prefer the coupling, "Ugga Ugga Boo Ugga Boo Boo Ugga."

You were no doubt as surprised as I was with Ray Noble's droll rendition of "Suspicion," on Columbia, a fast patter-type of song sung by the maestro himself with an anglicized Phil Harris style of expression. Ray tells in a veddy, veddy British manner about a husband's confusion in figuring out his wife's behavior.

There's a place in my heart for that great hit, "Mañana," which I believe will be one of the lasting novelties. The ingratiating manner in which Peggy Lee lets loose with the lyrics really knocks me out. Her cute accented characterization is tops.

Dorothy Shay is a gal with a way with a ditty, and her "Sample Song" is a prime example of her talent for a provocative phrase. The lyrics would call for lyrical praise from any recording artist.

If you're fond of these goofy tunes, then latch on to the ones lately made by the Prima band, "Tutti Tutti Pizzicato" and "The Bee Song." We're kind of proud of that disc. If you have as much fun listening as we did waxing, you'll make both of us happy.




# WHAT'S NEW from

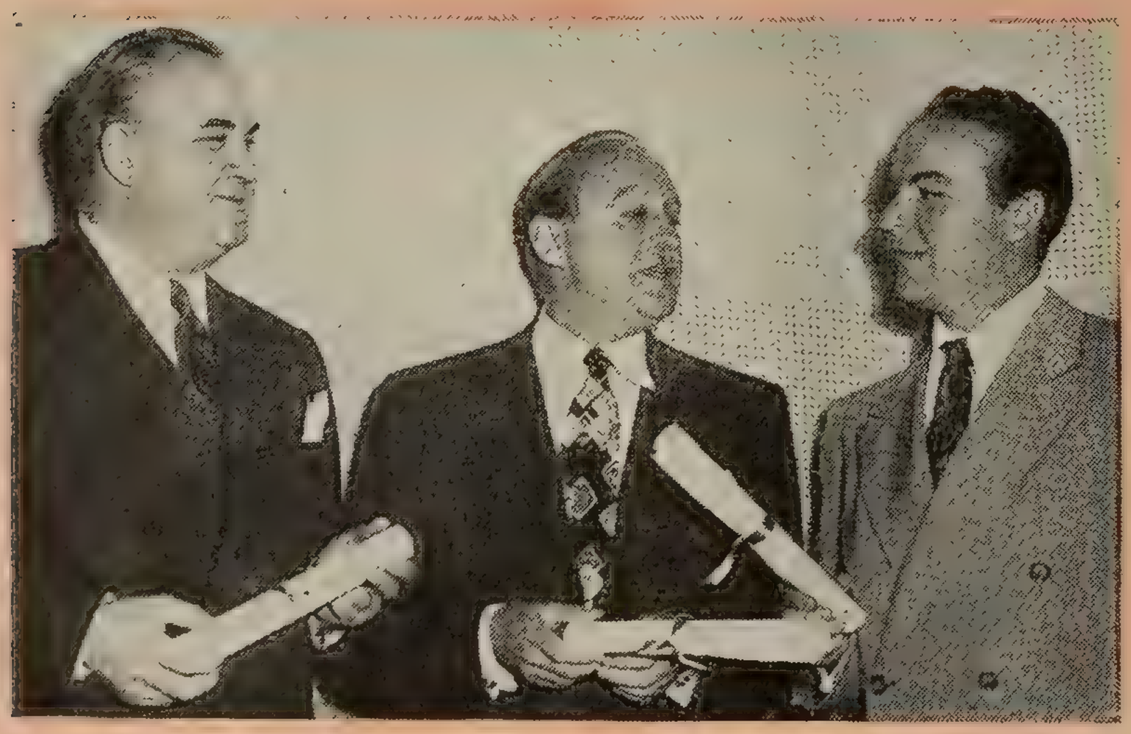


Dinah Shore, chosen as favorite girl vocalist, shows her scroll to Johnny.






Radio Mirror editor Doris McFerran pays a visit to Sports Newsreel to present Bill Stern, chosen favorite sports announcer, with his Award scroll.



Three top favorites get together: Don Wilson, best announcer; Jack Benny, favorite comedian, and Ralph Edwards, M.C of Truth or Consequences, best quiz.



My Friend Irma, best new program: Marie Wilson—Irma—Mac St. Johns, Radio Mirror's Hollywood managing editor, with Cathy Lewis, Cy Howard.

**On these two pages are pictures made during the presentation of scrolls to the winners of the first annual Radio Mirror Awards poll.**

A SPECIAL network is being established within the city of Philadelphia by the Mutual Broadcasting System for its coverage of the Republican and Democratic conventions in that city during June and July. Lines are being installed within Philadelphia tying together the six hotels where the delegates and candidates will be housed, Convention Hall, Mutual affiliate WIP, political headquarters and Mutual's own control point in one of the most comprehensive political coverage plans ever made by any network. With these arrangements the entire city will be linked to Mutual's special master control unit.

* * *

The G.O.P. national convention will be meeting some stiff radio-video competition. The Louis-Walcott fight is scheduled for June 23rd, the third day of the convention.

* * *

Raised eyebrows department . . . We have a little item here which states that a recent visitor to the African Congo reports that once fierce African tribes have abandoned their tom-toms and are going in for record collecting. Guess whose are most popular, yet—Guy Lombardo's!

* * *

Whenever you feel a bit hopeless about the future—think of this. We're probably leaving it in pretty good hands, judging by results on MBS's Keep Up With The Kids program. To date, the kids have scored some 380 points ahead of their celebrity parents. Stage, screen and radio stars appearing on the pro-

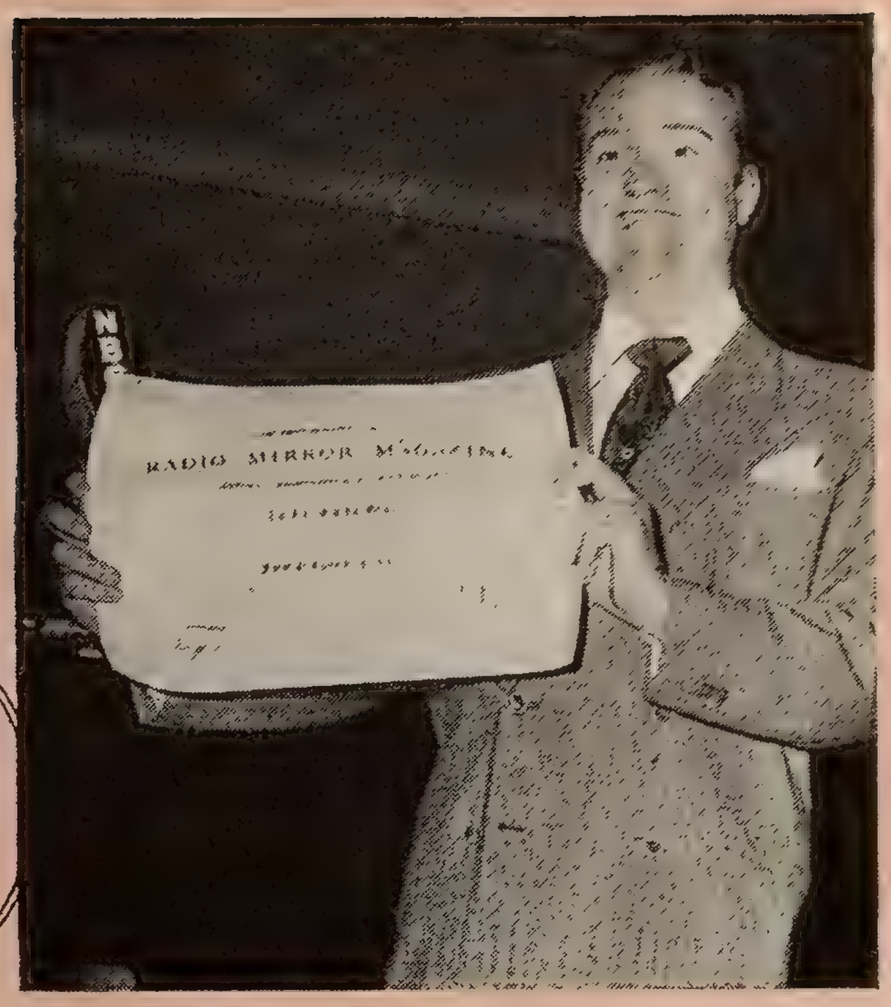
# COAST to COAST



Bill Bivens, Jane Wilson accept best orchestra leader award from Fred Sammis, Radio Mirror's supervising editor, for vacationing Fred Waring.



Ann Daggett, Hollywood editor of Radio Mirror, finds a moment to chat with Bing Crosby, winner-and-still-champ listeners' favorite male singer.




Vote for best comedy program went to Red Skelton—a proud and happy fellow!



Radio Mirror's Mac St. Johns presented the award to Joan Davis, and announcer Ben Gage offered congratulations to the listeners' favorite comedienne.

BY DALE BANKS

gram with their offspring have had their confidence shaken and their IQs shattered. For example, actor Jimmie Gleason's grandson walloped him 70 to 30 during a broadcast. Penny Singleton's daughter whitewashed mamma to the tune of 50 to nothing. Walter O'Keefe's son scored 110 to 40 over his father, while Lee Bowman's daughter showed him up by a 140 to 10 victory. A couple of mothers have come out ahead—Butch Jenkins' mamma made it 90-60 and Quiz Kid, or rather ex-Quiz Kid, Harve Fishman's mother won 60-40.

* * *

Ralph Edwards plans to run about half a dozen Truth or Consequences contests annually. All will have a charity angle. "The Walking Man" stunt was the most successful of his ideas in terms of mail pulling, money received and prizes awarded. Edwards turned some 1,500,000 dollars over to the American Heart Fund.

* * *

Delayed broadcast recordings of shows to be played back to affiliated stations at the same hour in each community, regardless of differences due to daylight saving time, will be used by the ABC network through Scotch sound recording tape. The network has purchased the greatest amount of magnetic recording tape so far sold to one purchaser—2,500,000 feet. The tape is said to be a vast improvement over all other methods of recording. *(Continued on page 25)*

**Put life into your hair with shampoo containing**

**Emulsified Lanolin**



A completely *new kind* of cream shampoo! Its EMULSIFIED LANOLIN overcomes dryness . . . leaves hair soft . . . radiantly glowing . . . magically obedient to your touch. That's why *professional beauticians use this shampoo most.* Even in *hard* water, billows instantly into fleecy lather. Deep-down cleansing action removes dandruff. Not a soap—leaves no film; needs no after rinse. Helene Curtis—most famous name in hair beauty—means *quality.* Ask *any* beautician!

***twice as much for your money***
***five full ounces 60c***

***full pound family size $1.50***

**Helene Curtis**
**creme shampoo**

*Favorite of Beauticians*

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP,
DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

# Life can be

## THERE'S SOMETHING TO OFFER

**Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month**

Dear Papa David:

All my life, up till the past year, I've taken for granted my lack of looks and lack of any particular talent or ability. After high school I took a job in one of the local offices and have been there these fifteen years. I've never married and while I did participate in church gatherings and small social events sponsored by our community, I was always part of the crowd.

After work one day last year, I dropped into the corner grocery to buy the week's supplies. "I wish," I told the grocer, "food wasn't so expensive. It cuts such a hole into my budget." The grocer looked at me and said, "I wish I could speak English so good as you."

I thought about the grocer all through the next day and after work I returned to the store. I was a little embarrassed as I said it, but I did manage to ask the grocer if he would like me to give him English lessons. His face lit up like a Christmas tree.

And so started my giving lessons in English to the grocer. After he had taken a few lessons, he asked if he might bring his wife. "I only," he explained, "have to teach her when I go home. She's so eager to learn, so the children won't laugh at her."

Anna, the wife, was just as eager a pupil as her husband and soon, she asked if she could bring the butcher's wife whose store was next to theirs. I agreed. This practice of spreading the class to include all the foreign born wishing to attend, continued. Soon I had about fifteen pupils.

Word got around that I was doing this, and I found people going out of their way to speak to me who never noticed me before. Also, I worked better as an employee with this new interest. My boss called me in one day, to tell me how proud he was of my homeschool teaching and to ask if I had any suggestions about starting a public speaking class for the office.

And one day, as I was hurriedly leaving the office to prepare for my night class, I overheard some of the office workers, men and women discussing me. "There," said our most promising salesman, "goes that nice schoolteacher. Isn't she attractive!"

I felt attractive all the way home. I'm not really, but life is opening up such new vistas, since I got outside myself and tried to help others.

And while I've not been transformed from an ugly duckling into a swan, I have changed so much for the better!

I hope I have made my point clear. That no matter how little we may think we have to offer, in offering it we may find it means a great deal to others.

B. K.

***Following are this month's ten-dollar letters:***

## WHAT COLOR IS HUMANITY?

Dear Papa David:

One night, a few years ago, my sister and I walked down to the corner ice cream parlor for a malt. All was not right with our worlds, since both our husbands were off fighting a war. A war to free the enslaved peoples of the world. A war to free the world of hate and racial prejudice. I was thinking of this very thing when we noticed a

## RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

**Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.**

# Beautiful

white-haired old colored man a little way ahead of us. On either side of him were two small boys, one about six, the other about two. As we watched the grandfather was explaining something to the older of the two boys and the little one lagged behind. A few steps brought us even with him. We parted a little and he looked up with the most beautiful smile in the world on his dark little face. He held up two chubby brown hands and my sister took one, I the other. We had walked only a few steps when the white haired old gentleman noticed his small charge was not beside him, and turned to see where he was. When he saw the little fellow's hands in ours, he stopped and called to him sharply. The little boy looked abashed. He didn't know what he had done that was wrong, but he ran on ahead. The old negro scolded him unmercifully, then looked at us apologetically before he walked on.

The old man, in his wisdom and the experience of many years, knew that that little boy—because of his skin being dark would suffer many hurts and indignities from such as us. If he could teach him now to avoid white men, he could save him at least a part of the hurts later. He was trying to prepare him for what he would meet in just a few short years. We didn't need to be told what was in the old man's heart—we could read it in his eyes. He did not distrust the kindness we had shown, but he knew the little fellow wouldn't meet much of it, and it would be easier if he learned not to expect it.

I have a son now—three years old. Like all mothers, I day dream about what he'll be when he grows up. A doctor? A lawyer? President, maybe? And I often think of that other little boy. Yes, he can be a doctor or a lawyer—if he's exceptionally brilliant and has an unusual amount of courage and determination. If he's an ordinary little boy, or if he's a little bit shy, about the best he can do is hope to be a porter, cook, bellhop, or some other servile job. My son can be almost anything he wants to be or has the ability to be, even though he is an average little boy and even if he grows up to be an average man, for this is America.

The little negro's dad may have been fighting for (*Continued on page* 19)

**Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday on NBC stations at 12 noon, PDT; 1 P.M. MDT; 2 P.M. CDT; 3 P.M. EDT.**


"I dress for starlight dining ...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





***1.*** **"Here's how I manage** desk-to-dining dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a simple black linen dress to the office, with the smartest of tailored jackets. And, of course, rely on new Odorono cream to keep my clothes free from perspiration stains and odor." *One dab of Odorono in the A.M. keeps you dainty a full 24 hours.*

***2.*** **"When date time comes,** I remove the jacket, add beads and crisp white petticoat, flowers and gloves—and I'm set for a romantic evening. I'm confident of my charm all evening too, thanks to new Odorono cream." *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*

And wait till you see how creamy-smooth Odorono stays in the jar. Never gritty (even if you leave the cap off for weeks).

Yet stainless Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it even after shaving. Try Odorono yourself—and see.

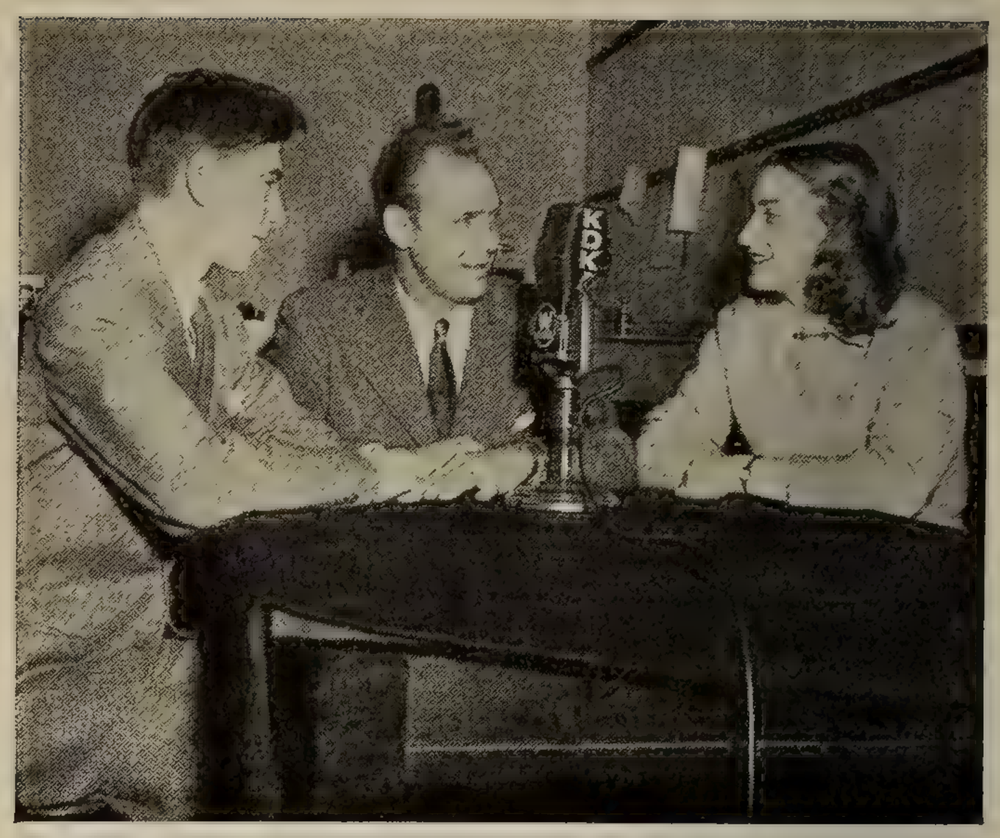



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

R
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Sally Adamson, Announcer W. H. Mason and Raymond Hodkinson on BBC's exchange news review program.



Don Reihl, Editor Swift and Lee Corey on KDKA's Saturday morning review, Youth Looks at the News.

# PITTSBURGH *Newsman*



Jack Swift is Chief News Editor for Station KDKA.

WHEN Jack Swift, editor-in-chief of KDKA's news department, discarded his childhood ambition to become a brain surgeon and entered the radio broadcasting field, he had no idea that his action would take him back to Pittsburgh where he spent his boyhood.

After finishing his high school work, and one year at the University of Pittsburgh in the Steel City, his family moved to Florida and he thought he had left Pittsburgh forever.

It was while he was a student at the University of Florida, where he spent four years, that he got into radio. Swift, working his way through school as a waiter in the university dining room, jokingly asked a friend, associated with WRUF, the school and state broadcasting station:

"When are you going to arrange that audition?"

He got the audition and went to work as an announcer the next day. He's been at it ever since.

Swift completed his college work in 1939 and joined the staff of WSUN in St. Petersburg, Fla. He quit WSUN to take the juvenile lead in a stock company, which he left to go to Los Angeles where he freelanced in radio for various advertising agencies.

He returned to St. Petersburg to become chief announcer at WTSP where he remained for two years when he resigned to join the staff at WSB, Atlanta (Ga.) Journal station.

Swift came to KDKA as a newscaster in 1944. He became chief editor last year.

During the war, Swift spent two years in the Navy. Highlight of his Navy days came when he interviewed "Ike" Eisenhower and broadcast his victorious homecoming at Abilene, Kansas.

Six-feet-one-and-a-half inches tall and weighing 187 pounds, Swift is interested in athletics of all kinds, but he has chosen golf as his favorite sport.

Although he has been an announcer, program manager, commercial manager and special eventer during his years in radio, Swift is best known to KDKA listeners as a newsman. He was chosen as the mikeman for the special broadcasts carried on all the Pittsburgh stations during the power strike which crippled the city, and he has been heard many times on the NBC World News program.

In addition to his work in the newsroom, Swift has the 7:00 A.M., 8:00 A.M. and 12 o'clock noon newscasts, and a special teen-age news feature every Saturday morning at 9:15, Youth Looks at the News.

The Youth Looks at the News program takes part once a month, in an exchange program with a broadcast which originates in Manchester, England, on BBC. Swift, as editor of the program, discusses the week's news with two teen-agers.

Swift married Winifred Wagner of St. Petersburg soon after finishing school. They have three children, Susan Erin Swift, 6; Jack, Jr., 4; Robert Morrision Swift, 1.

## LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page 17*)

humanity the same as millions of others. Nobody told him it would be for humanity of only one color.

How can life be beautiful for the negro—the average negro? Can't we *see* it's up to us to make it so?

A. E. B.

### A GREAT LAW

Dear Papa David:

There is a business man in Seattle, Washington, who exemplifies a great spiritual law in his daily living. The curious fact is that he does so unconsciously. He is not a religious person and his education ended at the ninth grade. He hitch-hiked and rode a bicycle from the middle west to Seattle and got small jobs there. Now he has his own factory which furnishes an implement of his designing all over the world.

When earnings began to accumulate he grew troubled. He remembered his early poverty and thought gratefully of those who had befriended him. He wanted to do something about it. His first step was to build a guesthouse on his property overlooking one of Seattle's lakes. It was completely furnished and the pantry was stocked. Invitations were sent to former friends, with transportation enclosed, to use this guesthouse for a month.

The man who delivered his laundry had a hare-lip which disfigured him shockingly. "Son," he said one day, "would you like to get that little thing fixed up?" The man cringed and muttered that he could not afford the expensive operation and lost time. My friend put him in a fine hospital with the best plastic surgeon available and saw him triumphantly through. Another time it was a returned veteran hopelessly crippled. He was installed with his young wife in the guest-cottage while a special car was built that he could operate and a small business set up for him. These are but two of many such instances.

Still the money piled up, for every time he spent a large sum on some human sufferer, his business increased its earnings.

I first knew him when he had two sons, married and sharing in the administration of the factory's business and profits. He had been widowed for years but had recently married an attractive woman. She told me this story: When they were married he told her that she would never be a rich woman through his death, and that she would be amply provided for always, but need expect no big diamonds and expensive fur coats while he could still find somebody who needed that money more; that he would not leave an estate for his family to quarrel over but give all that he had to certain carefully-inspected charities, such as the hospital for crippled children.

Life, which had once been so sordid and ugly, became very beautiful for this man because he stumbled on a great law: *we only own that which we share, and in sharing we are invariably blessed—spiritually and materially.*

N. B. M.

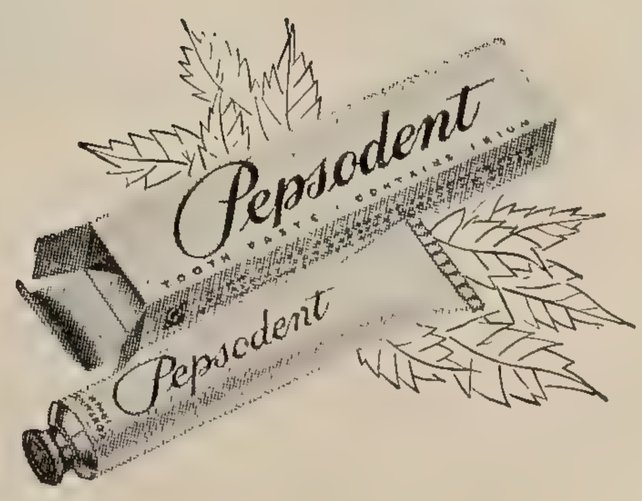

*Mary Louise Shine's* smile wins recruits for a proud profession!





**Mary Louise Shine, R. N.,** didn't know she was qualifying as a photographer's model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing. But remembering her cheering smile, former patients won't be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing everywhere . . . in advertisements and on billboards . . . inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. Now a Chicago doctor's bride, Mary Louise says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she used at home—Pepsodent. Yes, her winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!

# The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!




ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

Mary Louise Shine knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

**Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste** —families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year!*

R
M

# YOUNG WIVES!

enjoy 'extra' advantage of this higher type

*Intimate Feminine Hygiene*



Easier, Daintier More Convenient

**Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!**

Here's a frank open message to girls and women who have long been waiting for a *higher type* intimate feminine cleanliness. Be sure to enjoy the 'extra' advantage of Zonitors!

Zonitors are simply ideal—so much easier, daintier and convenient to use—*so powerful* yet *absolutely safe* to the most delicate tissues.

**Easy To Carry If Away From Home**

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a separate glass vial which you can easily slip in your purse. Zonitors instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and *continue* to do so for hours. Yet they're safe to the most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

**Leave No Tell-Tale Odor**

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually *destroy* it. Help guard you against infection. They kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors today at any drugstore.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

**FREE:** Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-78, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

R M

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____


# INFORMATION

**Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers**

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

### IT'S HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor:

Kindly settle a disagreement between my friend and myself. I say that Woman in White and Today's Children are broadcast from the West Coast, as I have heard some of the actors on Lux Theater. My friend tells me it is Chicago.

Miss M. S.

Philadelphia, Pa.



SARAJANE WELLS

*You're right! These two serials do originate in Hollywood. And here's Sarajane Wells (Eileen Holmes) of Woman in White.*

### ONCE A MUG

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Rosemary. I have been listening to it since the beginning. Can you tell me something about Larry Haines the actor who takes the part of Lefty Higgins.

Miss I. M. K.

New Haven, Conn.



LARRY HAINES

*Larry Haines, born and educated in Mount Vernon, N. Y., got his start in radio playing hard-boiled heavies. Realizing that he was becoming type-cast as a mug, he cut down the percentage to the point where such characterizations comprise only about half his work.*

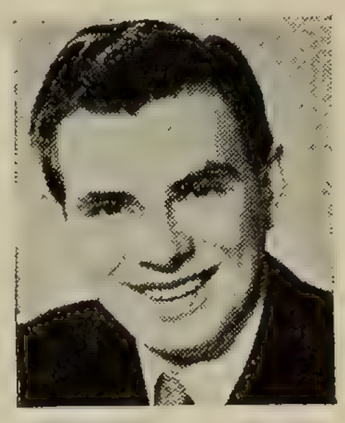
### STORY TELLER

Dear Editor:

Can you give me any information about Nelson Olmsted? I have found his short stories more interesting than any other program on the air.

Mrs. M. K.

Burlington, N. C.



NELSON OLMSTED

*NBC's Nelson Olmsted (Sun. 2:00 P.M. EDT), although born in Minneapolis, spent most of his youth in Texas. He became interested in acting while attending the University of Texas where he received his Bachelor of Science degree. He broke into radio via a local Austin, Texas, station.*

### OFF THE AIR

Dear Editor:

In February, a new program was introduced on the air, called Twelve Players. However, lately, I haven't been able to find it anywhere on the dial, and my family is disappointed. It was the most interesting program I've ever heard (speaking truthfully) and we've waited patiently for another of its unusual plays. Won't we ever hear it again?

Mrs. A. D.

Perth Amboy, N. J.



LURENE TUTTLE

*This show which was heard Mondays on ABC was last broadcast on March 29th. Twelve Players was a stock company composed of a dozen of Hollywood's best radio actors, and one of them was Lurene Tuttle.*

### ON BROADWAY

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information about the Goldbergs? They have been off radio for nearly two years. I would love to hear that lovable program again.

Miss M. H.

New York, N. Y.



GERTRUDE BERG

*It looks as though it'll be quite some time before you hear the Goldbergs on the air again as they recently opened a play based on the serial on Broadway—and it was a hit! They're playing at the Belasco theatre under the title "Me and Molly." Among the former "nobodys" who learned acting in The Goldbergs and then went on to fame are John Garfield, Minerva Pious, and Selena Royle. Gertrude Berg, the originator of the serial, plays the role of Molly at the Belasco.*

### FORMER BREAKFAST CLUBBER

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate any information you may be able to give me as to the whereabouts and activities of Nancy Martin, formerly of the Breakfast Club.

Mrs. L. H. Jones

Arlington, Mass.



NANCY MARTIN

*Nancy (she is now Mrs. Sam McEldowney), is in Hollywood where she frequently appears in television and where she is also engaged in voice dubbing at the picture studios. Nancy first sang on*

# ???? BOOTH

*the Breakfast Club in 1939, replacing Annette King.*

### HANK

Dear Editor:
Would you please give me some information about Hank on One Man's Family?

Miss G. J.
Sedalia, Colorado



CONRAD BINYON

*Seventeen-year-old Conrad Binyon (he plays Hank) who was born in Hollywood, joined the Family in April of 1939. And is the only member of the cast lacking a colorful theatrical background. (But he seems to be doing all right.) Conrad's greatest ambition is someday to write and produce a program like One Man's Family.*

### MR. D. A.'s SECRETARY

Dear Editor:
For some time I have been a regular listener of Mr. District Attorney and have become greatly interested in Vicki Vola who portrays the D. A.'s secretary Edith Miller. Recently, I discovered that she is also Stacy McGill on the Christopher Welles program. What does she look like?



VICKI VOLA

Miss R. R.
Toledo 10, Ohio

*As you can see, Vicki Vola still manages to look pretty despite the terrific pushing around she gets on these two programs. Although she resembles Luise Rainer, Vicki is far from Viennese—her ancestry is Spanish and French.*

### THEME SONGS

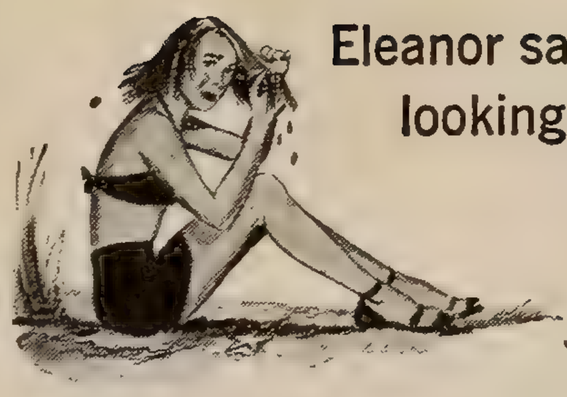
Dear Editor:
I listen to the radio every day, and I would like to have some information on some theme songs. Could you tell me what theme songs are used on The Romance of Helen Trent, Life Can Be Beautiful, When a Girl Marries, and Joyce Jordan, M. D.? Would like to see Les Tremayne of Joyce Jordan.



LES TREMAYNE

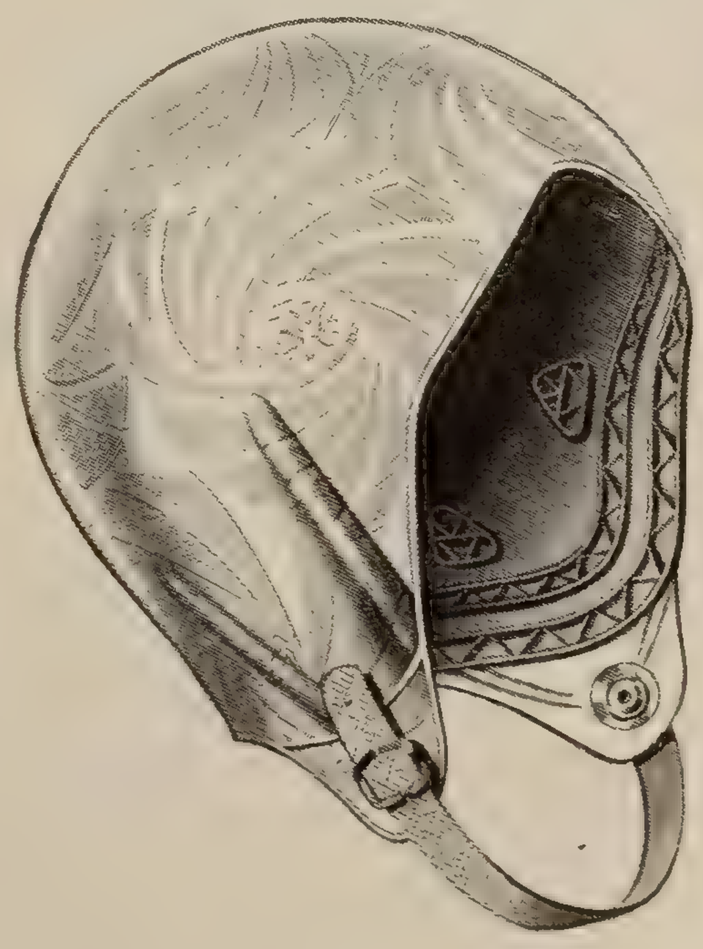
Miss A. S.
New York, N. Y.

*The tender "Juanita" sets the mood for The Romance of Helen Trent, and When a Girl Marries is introduced by the "Serenade" by Drigo. We weren't able to help you on the theme for Life Can Be Beautiful as it is an original piece and, so far, is untitled. "Poem" is the theme for Joyce Jordan, and here's Les Tremayne who plays the part of Dawson Blakely.*


It was the U.S. *Howland*
HAIR DRY SWIM CAP
**that made the difference**

Jane found out by checking on the U. S. Howland what a lot of time and money it could save her. No hot, perspiry hours in summer for Jane under the drier. She protected her hair with the swim cap that keeps hair dry. Jane had good reasons for buying it. You do, too.



1. Band of suction cups inside cap shuts water out.
2. Deep fit pulls cap closer to head.
3. Patented V-shaped reinforcing ribs that turn suction cups inward to make a perfect seal, protect ears and eliminate damp hair near ears.
4. Not just one size but three sizes—small, medium and large—makes fit more accurate.
5. Comes in good sun colors; red, yellow, blue or white.

*At leading stores, throughout the country.*

A PRODUCT OF
U.S.RUBBER
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY





Chuck Thompson and Byrum Saam, the two WIBG sportscasters who spend most of their summer afternoons and evenings in a booth at Shibe Park, giving fans the ballgames, play by play.

# A DAY WITH

# *Chuck and By*

THOSE two up there in the WIBG booth in Shibe Park in Philadelphia, Byrum Saam and Chuck Thompson, are a rather busy pair right now, and they've been mighty busy since the start of the season back in April. What's more, they'll stay that busy until the last out is called, come the end of next September. Take an average day with By and Chuck:

They're up as early as you are, for they have to compile a complete set of records of yesterday's ball games, and tie them in with the season's totals to date, so that at a glance, they can tell you what any and every player in both the American and National Leagues has done, right to the moment.

After that, it's a jaunt to the Phillies' office, because the club is playing out of town today, and they have to get any inside information that headquarters can divulge about the club. If it's a cloudy or rainy day, it's a constant check with the A's office to discover whether there's a game at Shibe Park this afternoon. If that game is rained out, they go to the WIBG studios in downtown Philadelphia, where a telegrapher is stationed to bring a play-by-play wire report of the Phillies' game from out of town. They do what is termed a reconstruction game, from his reports, sitting at a desk in a studio, without ever seeing a baseball pitched all afternoon. If the Phillies should happen to be rained out too, our wire game would come from some other city where fair weather permits the playing of a game. That's why our records have to be compiled so perfectly every morning. If the Cleveland pitcher fanned the Detroit baseman, the fans want to know if he'd done it before, and how many times, and when was the last time? That applies in the case of any batter against any pitcher. Those morning compilations are the background of every good baseball broadcast. That's why they're made, and kept so accurately. A sportscaster has an actual record of everything a player has done on the field at his fingertips, from day to day, all season long. He carries those records with him to the WIBG studio, if the game is reconstructed or to Shibe Park, if he's to broadcast from the left field radio booth there. When he goes to the park, his first stop is the home team's office for any information he can gather there, that would make today's broadcast more interesting to the fans.

After the visit to the office, they stop into the dressing rooms of both the home and visiting teams to chat with the managers and players to acquire additional information that might help their broadcast. Then, they are ready to head for the booth under the roof, and set themselves up for the broadcast, arranging records on the players, line-ups, commercials and information picked up from visits to the teams. With Saam and Thompson this is practically automatic. Having worked together through several seasons, they can practically read each other's minds, and know when and how to do what, with the least expenditure of words and action.

When the game starts it means one hundred and fifty words a minute of ad libbing for approximately two and a half hours, telling just what is happening down there on the field, in a manner that keeps the fans keenly interested every minute of the game, the same fans who say, "Those baseball broadcasters—what a cinch job they have!"

## *Facing the Music*



TEX BENEKE

RUMOR has it that one of the reasons the three branches of our military service were combined under one Secretary was a young man named Gordon Lee Beneke. For Tex, of the United States *Navy,* was the man selected to lead the late Major Glenn Miller's *Army* Air Force Band.

It wasn't fate that put Tex in front of Glenn's post-war band. Mrs. Glenn Miller and manager Don Haynes also knew that Glenn would have wanted Tex to lead the band.

Major Miller started on a flight from England to France one morning in December, 1944. He never reached his destination. But Tex Beneke agreed to lead the band only after arranging that it would be billed as "The Glenn Miller Orchestra." That's how the band premiered at New York's Capitol Theater in January of 1946.

Recently, however, Mrs. Miller, Don and Tex agreed that it would be best to change over and call the band Tex Beneke and his Orchestra. Mrs. Miller, you see, is still a partner in the organization. Fact is, Glenn is still with the band. Trombonist Jerry Priddy, to whom Glenn had handed his own trombone, has never failed to carry Glenn's horn with the band's equipment. The size and instrumentation of the band are in agreement with what Glenn had told Don he wanted for his post-war aggregation. Even chief arranger Norm Leyden was first discovered by Glenn while in the Army.

More than all this, the band has carried on in the tradition of being the miracle band of the nation. Glenn always had a group that was financially on top. And now, when many orchestras are finding it difficult to keep going in the face of rising costs and fewer jobs, the Tex Beneke unit is traveling with thirty-one musicians and breaking records from coast to coast. No small reason, of course, is the series of hit discs the band has been turning out for RCA Victor. Add to that national radio programs such as the Army Air Force show on Mutual.

Most amazing of all, perhaps, is that although Glenn Miller last toured the country with his own band in 1940, the most requested tunes even now are the old Miller records such as "Kalamazoo," "In The Mood," "Little Brown Jug," "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Ida."


NEW

Miracle deodorant ends your perspiration worries!



1. **ETIQUET** actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—*safely—surely!*

2. **ETIQUET**—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!

3. **FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING**—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

4. **MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY**—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar!

5. **NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING** when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

Etiquet

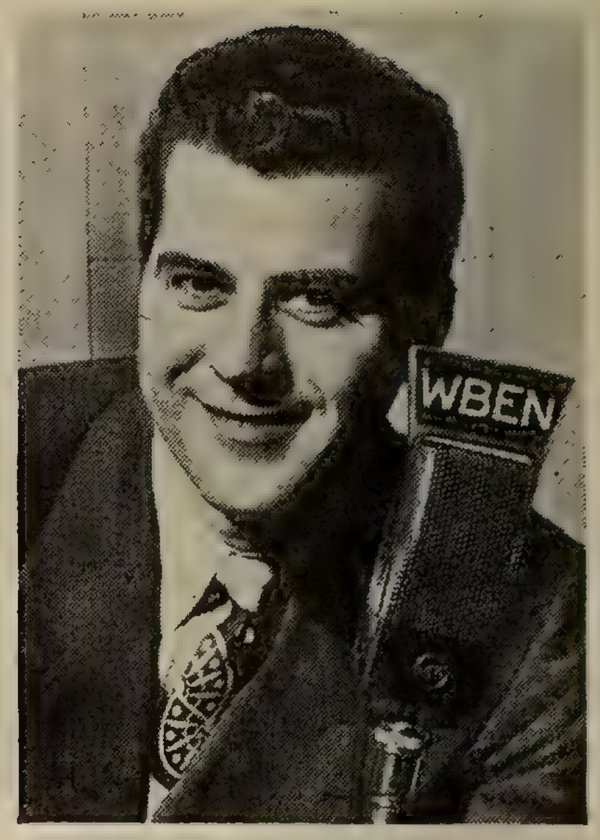
THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT



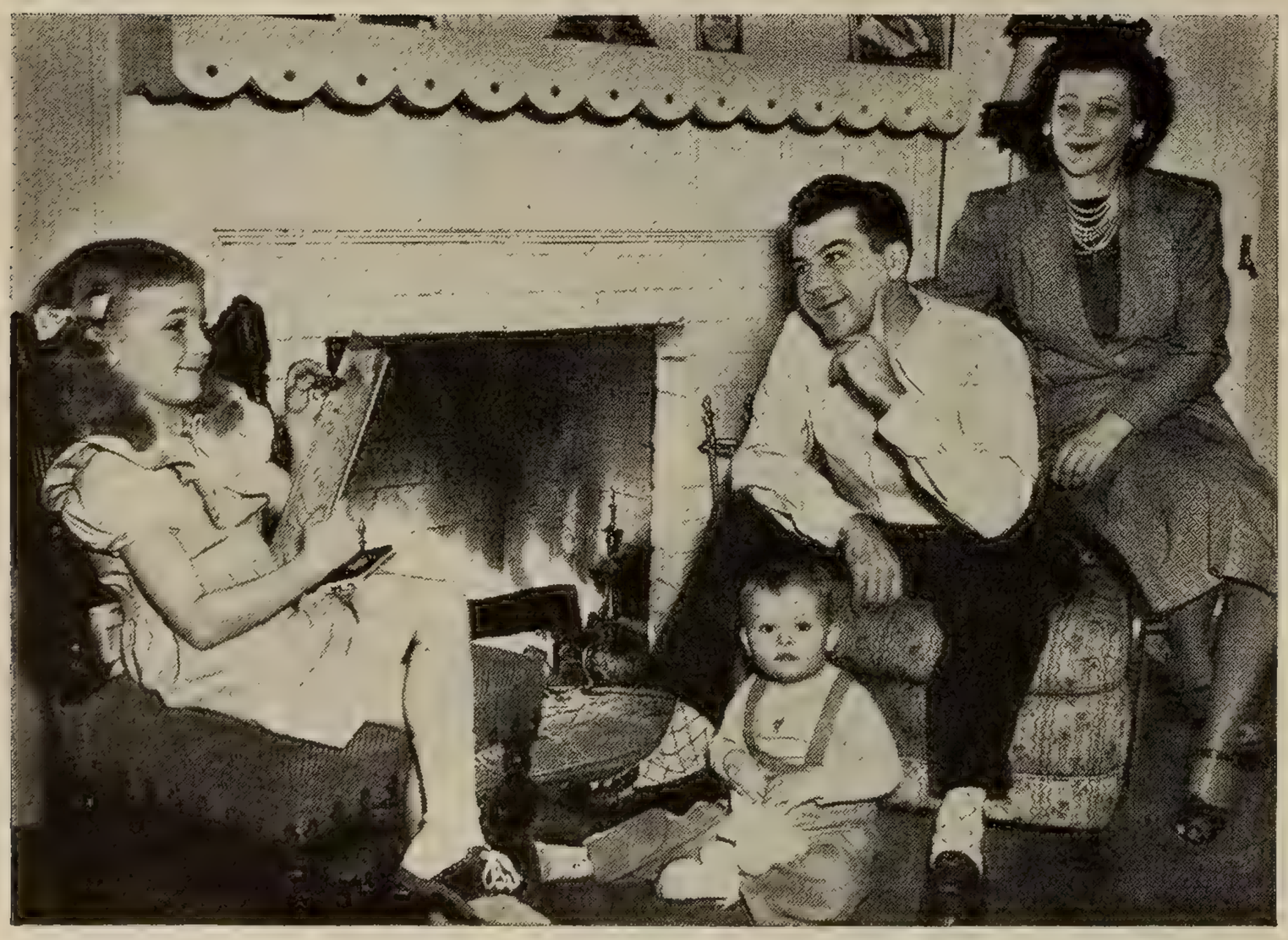

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

# ALL KINDS of *Music*




**Clint Buehlman, more than a disc jockey — an institution!**



**Clint, his wife, Marcia, and son Mark pose while young Marcia sketches.**

CLINT BUEHLMAN is more than a disc jockey—he's an institution, but he'd be the last to admit it and the first to make a crack about that word "institution."

But a fellow can't be on the air for practically three hours a day, six days a week for something like fifteen years without becoming a daily habit. Besides, his "Hooper" consistently indicates his shows pull more listeners than all the opposition combined—and that's something.

In fact, you rarely hear the Buehlman name mentioned on his show. It's generally, "This Is Yours Truly Buehly," and that's all.

Buehly is a native of Buffalo and attended schools in both Buffalo and Rochester, graduating from John Marshall High in Rochester. He is now celebrating his silver anniversary in radio, but he's not the greybeard you might think. He first broke into radio in a small way in Buffalo back in 1923 as a child actor. "Yes—I was one of those brats—don't you hate 'em?" he says.

Clint is a proficient pianist but confines his playing to his own living room. His one great hobby is fishing and, believe it or not, he always manages his schedule so as to take off a few days periodically to fish with his 78-year-old grandmother. He used to visit her frequently when she lived down state in Pennsylvania, but now that is unnecessary—Grandmother lives with Clint. So does one of his favorite people—his mother-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Buehlman live in a Buffalo suburb, and have a daughter, Marcia, six years old, and a son, Mark, who is one and one-half.

Buehly has won widespread praise from parents, pupils, teachers and the general public for his auditions for junior m.c.s. For twenty weeks this Winter and Spring he conducted a contest at a specified high school to determine the most promising radio personality in each of the four classes—freshman, sophomore, junior, senior. Every Saturday morning he auditioned the four top vote-getters and selected a boy to be his assistant for one week. Each week's winner received a $50 bond and $10 for expenses—to cover cabfare and the like—and an invaluable boost in his ambitions.

At Christmas time 1946 an association organized to aid underprivileged children in rural schools asked him to broadcast an appeal for "used" greeting cards. Any kind were wanted—to teach children color and to provide bookmarks, scrapbooks and the like. Clint made six simple, brief announcements. Then the postoffice called for help. Some 96 mailbags—more than three tons—with something like an estimated 1,500,000 cards descended on WBEN from New York State, Pennsylvania and Ontario. It was necessary to get a special freight car to transport the cards to the society's headquarters in New York City. The company decided to call a halt then and there. Later it was learned that Buffalo and Buehlman contributed more cards than the rest of the entire country solicited!

## WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page* 15)

At this writing, NBC is hoping and planning to have Fred Allen broadcast over television as well as radio, but the comic is balking, because he'd have to please three separate audiences—radio studio and video.

* * *

William Bendix, who's playing the role of the wonderful and forever remarkable King of Swat, in the forthcoming movie on the life of Babe Ruth is being flooded with letters giving him advice on how to play the part. Incidentally, another radio performer has also been signed for that picture. Bobby Ellis, who plays Alexander on the "Blondie" show, will portray Babe Ruth as a boy.

* * *

More and more like home! San Quentin prison now has its own disc jockey. The prison has a big record library and music is carried through an intercell hook-up.

* * *

Dix Davis, who plays Randolph Foster on the Date With Judy show, has sadly turned down a summer stock bid. He'll be graduated from the University of Southern California this June and is going to get to work on winning his master's degree with some courses during the summer session. He's majoring in foreign trade, which sounds like a forward looking idea.

* * *

There's some talk going around that radio will be handing out its own Academy Awards in the near future for outstanding work on the airlanes. But the Superman outfit isn't waiting around for that to happen. For consistently outstanding performances on this series, members of the cast are getting a Superman Oscar, which consists of a tiny silver figure of Superman, to be worn on a bracelet or watch chain.

* * *

We're kind of sorry that Child's World has been shifted from the Sunday evening spot to one on Thursdays at 10 P.M. We think this unrehearsed program is one of the best on the air today. Anyone with any children should listen, because the show gives you a chance to find out many things about your own children, from the mouths of other children, which you'd never be able to dig out in a million years without the help of a competent, understanding educator and psychologist like Helen Parkhurst, who runs the doings.

* * *

Well, Morton Downey's won his point. He's switched to NBC, now, and he'd have been there a long time ago, if it hadn't taken him so long to convince the bigwigs that his late time spot was the very best spot for him to be in. Downey thinks it's such a good time because he feels that after listeners have been beaten on the ears for hours by the world news—none of which is so lovely and charming these days—they're generally nervous. And that's not a state conducive to slumber. Downey plans his programs very carefully, so that they'll soothe his listeners for those fifteen minutes between 11:15 and 11:30.

* * *

There are two Billy Roses in radio. One of them, of course, is the versatile one who indulges in Pitching Horseshoes on his own show of that name. The other is a very busy and well


DOLE pineapple pair

1 ★PINEAPPLE CORN FLAKES

Here's a new "call to breakfast" that'll bring your family *fast.* Chill Dole Crushed overnight. Then ladle it—all frosty gold—over bowls of corn flakes or any other favorite ready-to-eat cereal. Drench with cream. New Dole cutting processes keep every bite crisp and juicy. Wonderful? Well—*taste!*

with a summertime air




2 ★CHUNKFURTERS

Serve hot dogs with pineapple party-manners! Cut frankfurters in inch lengths. String on skewers, alternating with Dole Chunks—those plump, tender morsels of true field-ripened pineapple. Broil several minutes. Pop into toasted rolls—piping hot. A quick, delicious, home-or-picnic dish you'll like all year round.

# The Most Feminine Face Powder Color Ever Created

***NOW One Color is Intensely Flattering To All Types of Skin, Including YOURS!***

## "Bridal Pink"



*Jay Thorpe Original*

Here's something wonderfully new and *different* in a shade of face powder! A color that is so truly *feminine* it not only flatters, but brings you a charm that is entirely new and completely captivating.

And my exciting new "Bridal Pink" is for you, because I have tried it on every skin-color type I could find, and without exception every girl, every woman who wore it, instantly found herself more interesting, more exciting than ever before.

***IF you're a Blond,*** "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look more feminine than ever.

***IF you're a Brunet,*** with fair skin... "Bridal Pink" glorifies this contrast with a new, more feminine look.

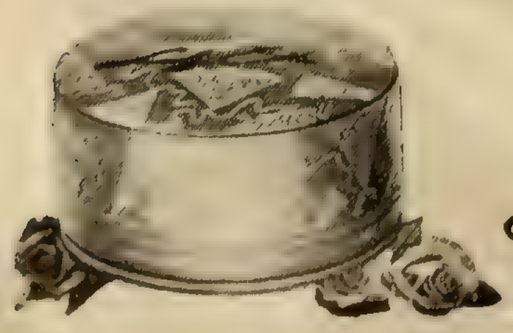
***IF you're Brown-Haired,*** with a medium skin..."Bridal Pink" will bring you the exciting lift of new femininity.

***IF you're Auburn-Haired,*** with a pale complexion... Bridal Pink" will wake up your skin, giving it the life and warmth of real live femininity.

**Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters**

Look *different* tomorrow! Appear with this newly beautiful, more feminine look. See how your face lights up with instant new life and warmth. Find out, as you will, how much more attractive you immediately become.

Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores in 50¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!



Lady Esther

© 1948 Lady Esther


known Chicago radio actor—and no relation to the New York fellow—who's working currently on the Tom Mix stanza, portraying Tommy, the Chinese boy.

* * *

Bill Lawrence, who directs the Screen Guild Players shows, has a tip for young aspirants to radio careers. His advice is for youngsters to stop trying to build themselves up as character actors with half a dozen dialects in their voice boxes. Lawrence says that the character field is very tough to crack because competition is very stiff, but every radio producer is constantly looking for fresh, new voices for straight acting parts. Actually, reading straight lines and making them convincing and dramatically effective is a pretty tough job.

* * *

Bret Morrison of Song of the Stranger and The Shadow has been signed to star in a series of six movies to be made in New York. Versatile Bret will play the role of a killer in the psychological thriller series.

* * *

You probably know that on the Case Book of Gregory Hood, they sometimes use real characters to give the show the proper touch of realism. Once in a while, the actual person—say J. Edgar Hoover, or a Senator, or a band leader, appears as a guest and plays "himself" in the script. Usually, an actor will do an imitation of the real person. For this, the program has to get what's called a release from the individual to be portrayed. That's normal enough. But what strikes us a little bit funny is that when the script mentions a place, let's say the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, or the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, the producers have to get releases from the places mentioned!

* * *

Eastern agency representatives in Hollywood to buy summer replacement shows reveal that their top budget figure is $5000—or about 50% below the price paid for "dog days" shows during the past two years. From the looks of things, 1948 will be the lightest commercial summer on the networks since 1940.

* * *

Pat O'Brien and Virginia Bruce will co-star in the summer dramatic series replacing Jimmy Durante this summer. Writing and direction will be in charge of True Boardman.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON . . . Wired music, with sponsored commercials, goes into stores soon . . . Mutual's Mysterious Traveler is coming out in comic book form with a possibility of a daily cartoon strip in the offing . . . Hurray, hurray, sponsors have renewed contracts for Queen For a Day and Heart's Desire. Now you can relax . . . Ilene Woods is doing the speaking and singing voice for Walt Disney's "Cinderella," feature length cartoon . . . Radio Comic Herb Shriner is working in his first Broadway musical, "Inside U.S.A." . . . Jack Smith has shifted from New York to Hollywood and will do most of his summer broadcasts from there . . . Announcer Ken Niles has named his seagoing cruiser after one of his shows, The Life of Riley . . . Don McLaughlin of David Harding, Counterspy, is starring in the Broadway play, "Happy Journey" . . . A series starring husky-voiced Tallulah Bankhead is being readied for fall airing . . . CBS offered Milton Berle an executive post in television, but the comic turned it down.



Teen-age Barbara is CBS's new Junior Miss (Saturdays at 11:30 A.M. EDT).

# *Barbara Whiting*

WELL, that sidesplitting Junior Miss of stage and screen is all set for a long, long run on the radio. You hear it these days on CBS, Saturdays at 11:30 A.M. EDT, with Barbara Whiting.

The late Dick Whiting left more to posterity than a whole list of song hits, among them "Till We Meet Again," "Beyond The Blue Horizon," "My Ideal," and "Sleepy Time Gal." The success of his two talented, lovely daughters bids fair to outlive the popularity of any song. Margaret Whiting has already made her mark as a singer. Now, it looks as though her little sister Barbara is likely to take over a special comedy "Great" spot and make it all her own.

Barbara was born in Hollywood, California, almost exactly sixteen years ago. Last January she was graduated from University High School. All of which makes her being cast in the title role of Junior Miss pretty much a job of type casting. Besides, the whole pattern of the show is more or less familiar to her, since she played the part of Fuffy Adams in the screen version of Sally Benson's play. While still at high school, she also played in the film, "Home Sweet Homicide."

Until quite recently, it was a question in the Whiting household just what Barbara would do for a career. She is very talented. She plays the piano well and is also a pretty good song stylist. In fact, she was the first to sing "Pass That Peace Pipe," performing for friends at a party. Later, her sister, Maggie, was signed to make a recording of that song. Barbara, still listing her talents, also writes a bit.

Barbara isn't entirely new to the radio listener. She played Mildred in the Meet Corliss Archer series. In a way, her experience on that show about adolescent girls can be considered a part of her training for her new role. And, although she looks just right and is about the right age for the role of Junior Miss, let no one think that the type casting goes all the way. Barbara is a girl with a bit of a head on her shoulders and she'll probably not wind up the eternal sub-ingenue on the air.


SUNLIGHT WITCHERY
...for "Lustre-Creme"
Dream Girls Only

**TEA DANCE** on the terrace . . . the afternoon sun highlighting the glory of your soft, gleaming hair . . . your Best Beau's eyes ardent with admiration.

**HOW SECURE** you feel when he leaves your arms. You *know* the memory of your clean, fragrant, glamorous hair will linger, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And he proves it when he pleads: "Dream Girl, may we be partners for life?"

**MANY A BRIDE** owes much to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for her soft, bewitching "Dream Girl" hair. *Not* a soap, *not* a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, rich-lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair, to leave hair with new three-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to natural oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers instantly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a Dream Girl . . . a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor)
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.




4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters

**Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR . . . you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO**

**You can say "yes"**

**to Romance...**



*because*

**Veto says "no"**

**to Offending!**




**Veto says "no"**

**—to perspiration worry and odor!**

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. You feel *sure* of your own daintiness.

**Veto says "no"**

**—to harming skin and clothes!**

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, your most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive new ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

***Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!***



**Just listening to radio didn't earn Bill this title. That was merely the way it all began**

# Radio's NUMBER ONE FAN

WEBSTER defines a fan as "an enthusiastic devotee of a particular diversion." Take that definition, multiply it by a couple of thousand, and you've got Bill Geringer, radio's show-goer extraordinary.

Slight nineteen-year-old Bill is the little man who's practically always there in the studio audience, smiting his palms or giving with the laughs that issue from loudspeakers coast to coast. During the past four years—since he was fifteen—young Bill has personally attended some six to seven thousand radio shows, averaging four a night on weekdays and seven or eight on Saturdays and Sundays. Week in, week out, morning, noon (he frequently skips lunch) and night, Bill haunts the studios, major networks or independents, taking in audience shows. Going to radio shows is Bill's hobby and he is an absolute fanatic about it.

Here's the way Bill feels about it, as he explained to his parents way back when they first showed concern over his devotion to radio:

"It's a hobby. Like collecting stamps or match-covers or autographs."

"Yes," his father agreed, "but what have you got to show for all the time you put in at it?"

"What," countered Bill, with all due respect toward his father, "have you got to show for all the movies and plays you saw and books, magazines and newspapers you read?"

When his dad pointed out that these things either entertained for the moment or improved the mind, Bill just grinned meaningfully at his parents; they saw that he had something there and let him keep at it without another word of reproof, save that he keep up with his work and get home at a reasonable hour. Home is a small brownstone apartment on West End Avenue, in New York City.

It all began one summer's day four years ago. It was a broiling hot day and Bill was idling through Radio City with little money in his pockets and much time on his hands. He noticed a long line of people filing through an entrance to the NBC studios in the RCA building. He got on line, too, and soon was seated comfortably in an air-cooled studio, awaiting he knew not what.

As luck would have it, the program was Here's Babe Ruth, a sustaining show featuring stories about the Sultan of Swat on WEAF (now WNBC). It was just the kind of program that would entrance an impressionable fifteen-year-old, who, if the truth be known, wouldn't have minded being in the bleachers at the Yankee Stadium, at the time.

"How long has this been going on?" Bill asked himself as he settled back in his chair and gratefully sniffed the purified atmosphere provided by NBC. At any rate, after the broadcast, he made inquiries and learned that there were many other free audience shows that afternoon. Bill took them all in and it wasn't until dusk had cast long, cool shadows across Manhattan's simmering sidewalks that Bill quit the building and headed for home.

The next morning, bright and early, Bill was back at the studios, perfectly willing for NBC to wile away another tedious summer's day for him. From 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. Bill remained cloistered in the cool and colorful confines of Radio City. He had discovered a new and fascinating world and he just had no desire to venture out into the real but none too inviting one outside. He took in seven or eight programs in all that day. He doesn't recall whether he even remembered to take time out for lunch.

The rest of that long summer vacation was more of the same thing. After a few weeks of it, however, Bill began to learn the ropes and to exercise discrimination in the shows he chose to see. He pestered ushers and receptionists at the various studios with a flock of questions. After a while the studio employees and even a few performers came (*Continued on page 98*)

# Come and Visit DON McNEILL

*The specialty of this house*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

EVERY woman who starts her day by listening to Don McNeill on the American Broadcasting Company's Breakfast Club must, at some time or another, have wondered if his stories about Kay and the boys weren't just too good to be true.

She must, sometime, have turned to her husband, asking, "Dear, do you suppose it really happens that way?"

She wouldn't be human if she didn't add, "Don't the McNeills *ever* have any problems?"

Answers to the twin questions are easy.

To number one—yes, Don's radio reporting is accurate. Daily, a goodly portion of McNeill living is passed on to the radio audience. More, in fact, than listeners realize.

To the second—sure, the McNeills have problems. They wouldn't be the vital, interesting family you hear on the air if they didn't have.

But Don and Kay McNeill also have that quality our grandparents used to call "character." What they believe, what they think, what they want, shapes their lives into a pattern which today is rarely found in the families of stars.

You need to have traveled the Celebrity Circuit with big names of stage, screen and radio to





How to spoil a father: Tommy, Don Jr., and Bobby wait on him hand and foot. Not often, though—usually it's "him what works, eats."



is the family that makes it home



Outside, the McNeill house in Winnetka welcomes as expansively as the smiles of Kay and Don. Inside, there are more reflections of family character; Kay's "decorator touch" is evident.

Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club are heard on ABC, Monday through Friday at 9 A. M., EDT

# *Come and Visit* DON McNEILL



The limestone house is big; it had to be, for it's usually as full of friends as it is of family.



In the birch-paneled den, a gin rummy game



Icebox-raiding time gives the McNeill men a chance to kill two birds: they eat and they talk about life.

understand just how rare it is.

You need to know how easily, when fans clamor around, you can puff up your ego like a circus balloon.

You need to feel the weariness that comes from everlasting demands on your time—demands that can wring you dry by the end of the day, with no energy left to take a normal, human interest in your family and friends, demands that leave you but a single desire—to sleep.

YOU need to share the tragedy of some of the show business divorces by knowing, over the years, a few of the nice young couples who battled together for success, but when it came, split apart because they couldn't save time for a private life.

To complete the picture, you should know some of the celebrities' children.

It's toughest on them. Some turn out awful brats who have learned to get their share of attention by misbehaving. Then there's the opposite kind—the frustrated, silent, sulky little ones. Both kinds discover early that when either mummy or daddy remains a spoiled child and never bothers to grow up, the youngsters get only a taste of childhood.

That probably furnishes the most im-



is kibitzed by the boys and spaniel Flag.



Don Sr. and Jr. have a hands-off agreement with Kay about the bay-window greenhouse she prizes so highly.

portant clue to what makes the McNeills tick.

Both Don and Kay are adults. Mentally and emotionally, they have grown up. They enjoy being parents. They don't compete with their kids for a chance to be children.

You in the radio audience sense that just as keenly as their boys do.

In the 100,000 letters and cards you write Don McNeill each year, you confide your problems and share your joys. Few of you send mash notes. Instead, you realize he is a good friend who has lived enough to understand your worries and to appreciate the wonderful little things that happen in your own families. You're pleased when he, in turn, passes them on to the whole big Breakfast Club audience, all over the country.

His sons have the same attitude. If an Academy of Family Arts and Sciences existed to award "Oscars" to successful fathers, Don McNeill would be a sure winner.

Most vital factor in that success is Don's way of letting his boys know they are important to him.

If you traveled over the winding, secluded roads of Winnetka, thirty miles north of ABC's (*Continued on page* 91)



At the breakfast table Don gets his briefing from the boys, who are always full of Breakfast Club ideas.

# Covering the

Most important summer listening—the national



Elmer Davis. ABC



Martin Agronsky, ABC



Eric Sevareid, CBS



Edward R. Murrow, CBS

# Conventions

conventions, described by these radio newsmen



Bob Trout, NBC



Morgan Beatty, NBC



Albert Warner, MBS



William L. Shirer, MBS

Turn page for more convention pictures

# *Covering the Conventions*

**this election year, after you've**



John Daly, CBS



Gabriel Heatter, MBS



H. R. Baukhage, ABC




Henry J. Taylor, MBS

THIS year millions of Americans will have ringside seats at two of the greatest shows our democracy affords. In addition to the radio broadcasts that will make play-by-play news available to everyone, both the Republican and Democratic conventions will be extensively televised.

Whether you are listening at home or watching one of the screens now installed in so many public places, it will be well to know how to interpret what you will see and hear.

There will be color, fun, excitement and a certain circus atmosphere, but behind the carnival, democracy will be soberly at work.

These conventions will chart the path our nation will take in the next four years, and the delegates know it. Beneath the froth, fun and fury will be the serious will of a free people freely choosing candidates for the presidency.

More later about how to evaluate the side shows that will be staged either as political expedients or in the American spirit of fun. First, something

**You'll turn a sharper ear to your radio,**

**read Quincy Howe's behind-the-scenes stories of past conventions**



Quincy Howe, CBS



Walter Kiernan, ABC



H. V. Kaltenborn, NBC

about what to expect as you listen to the broad casts from Philadelphia when the Republican convention starts on June 21, and the Democrats get under way on July 12.

Both conventions will follow the same pattern.

A day or so before the official opening, party delegates from all over the country will have packed the hotels. Some delegates will have positive instructions. For instance, the New York Republicans will be committed to back Governor Dewey against all comers, and the Missouri Democrats will be solidly behind President Truman. The managers of each candidate will have tried to get as many advance commitments as possible, but, since some states will not have announced definite allegiances, the hotels will see plenty of high pressure campaigning. Of course, the opening days will be blistering hot. Political conventions and heat waves seem to go together.

The delegates and their (*Continued on page* 79)




John MacVane, NBC

# Is Lou Costello on the Level?

By
WILLIAM
TUSHER



Behind the dignified entrance to the Costello Youth Foundation, hundreds of kids learn how to have all kinds of fun—often, as in the checker game, under the expert tutelage of President Lou Costello and Secretary Bud Abbott.



IS Lou Costello on the level?

Is his concern for the welfare of youth a headline-grabbing sham? Is the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation, created as a monument to his son, a fraud?

Ugly rumors are heard: It's a cheap publicity stunt . . . It's just an act . . . The radio comedian has been branded by a newspaper columnist as "a self-advertised friend of kids."

Since the questions have been raised, they should be examined, and answered.

If these attacks have any basis in fact, 10,280 enrolled members of the Foundation have been sold out, and many of the most august pillars of the Los Angeles community have been duped in a fabulous swindle. So let's take a look at the facts:

The Foundation has been in existence for two years.

# the Level?

**Is Lou's Foundation run from the heart . . . or for the publicity? The answer is in the facts, and here they are**



**Any time Bud and Lou can spare is spent looking over shoulders in the ever-humming Hobby Shop.**



**In the Foundation's fully-equipped clinic, Nurse Gonzales and Dr. Kovner keep everyone in top condition.**



**For the smallest people, there's a playground within the larger playground, a haven for the pint-sized.**

From an opening enrollment of 2,000, its membership has swelled to 10,280 youngsters from the ages of six to nineteen, with 5,000 additional members anticipated in the forthcoming few months. There are no dues, and no conditions of membership.

Two thousand children were taught to swim last summer at the Foundation's modern swimming pool, equipped with underwater lights for night use, regulation diving boards, lounge chairs, tables, brilliantly colored umbrellas, and lockers for boys and girls.

Foundation facilities include, in addition, a softball diamond with bleachers, a 140 by 100 foot skating rink for which skates are furnished free, basketball courts, a football gridiron, badminton courts, tennis courts, ping pong tables, an outdoor barbecue, an arts and crafts room, clubrooms, workshops, classrooms, a medical clinic and a dental clinic. Both clinics are fully equipped.

Sand boxes, a wading pool, teeter-totters, a miniature merry-go-round, slides, a large room for drawing and games, a children's library, and a record player and radio are among the features of The Little People's Department, an enclosed wonderland for tots from six to eight.

These are available to the public seven days a week, from 10 A.M. until 10:15 P.M., under the pleasant, unobtrusive supervision of a paid staff of college-trained social and playground workers.

Dentists and doctors are on call free of charge for needy youngsters. Children suffering malnutrition get free vitamins. Food is distributed at a foundation snack bar that boasts a complete soda fountain.

"Costello is worshipped by (*Continued on page* 74)



Out of sight of the panel, Ruby Sheppard lets the studio audience in on the words to be guessed.



The Mystery Voice (Jack Irish) keeps the radio listeners up to the minute on the panel's guesswork.




The commercials on Twenty Questions are spiritedly read by Charlotte Manson, Frank Waldecker.

THE Vanderventers of Princeton, New Jersey, are one of the most popular families in America. Every Saturday night they play an old fashioned parlor game called Twenty Questions, but unlike other families, they don't gather in their living room with a few friends. Instead, they seat themselves comfortably in front of Mutual Network microphones where they proceed to amuse and often astound millions of American and Canadian listeners. Their skill at identifying the difficult "animal, vegetable or mineral" subjects has prompted Walter Winchell to dub them "Masters of Quizzardry."

The whole idea for the program originated with the Vanderventer's daughter, Nancy. One night they were enter-

# Twenty




When Guy Kibbee was guest, guesses were wild. Twenty Questions is heard Saturday nights at 8, on MBS stations.

The Vanderventers play a friendly

taining a dinner guest who was discussing his idea for a new radio quiz program with Nancy's Dad, Fred Vanderventer, one of radio's top newscasters. Mom, now known to listeners as Florence Rinard, was being gracious and polite to their visitor. Nancy's brother, Bobby, was concentrating on his tomato soup. But Nancy, whose mind often seems jet propelled and who is equally quick to voice her opinions, told their guest that she thought his idea was very stale.

"If I were planning a quiz program, I'd like something different. Maybe I'd try something along the lines of the game Twenty Questions," she informed him authoritatively.

After her (*Continued on page* 95)




Gary Stevens, producer, and quizmaster Bill Slater make things harder.

# Questions




**family game — but they play it in your living room, not theirs**

When HOLLY SLOAN came to New York City from Maitland, N. Y.; she found that merely leaving her home town was not enough to make her a self-reliant "career girl." Gradually, her city experiences have made her more mature: her job, for instance, as secretary to Wilbur Ramage, brilliant producer for the NYBC radio network; her meeting with dynamic young Johnny Starr, and the attraction that blazed into love. And most of all, perhaps, Holly's character has strengthened through her own determination to forge a place for herself as a radio singer. For she understands how small her chances are, yet she continues to work hard, and to hope that luck will favor her. (Holly Sloan is played by Gale Page)

When Holly was eight, her mother died, and AUNT KETURAH came to keep house for Holly and her father, HENRY SLOAN. Through the years, Keturah, who is blind, has been mother, counselor and friend to Holly. When the family came to New York so that Dad Sloan could develop his wood-working business, Keturah was at first oppressed by the noise and restlessness of city life. But now she has LAURALEE to worry about—little Lauralee McWilliams, crippled and embittered, who became a member of the household when her mother was forced to go to a hospital. (Henry Sloan is played by Charles Seel; Keturah is played by Georgia Backus; Lauralee McWilliams is Marlene Aames)

# HOLLY SLOAN

*— who learns that a big city seems to exaggerate everything. Happiness, for example . . . or heartache*



JOHNNY STARR, attractive, charming, almost became the typical "young man about Manhattan"—except that he had too much intelligence to be forced into such a pattern. Instead, he has worked hard enough to become, at less than thirty, a vice-president of NYBC. He has successfully escaped his wealthy mother's apron strings, and is ready to defy her over his engagement to Holly Sloan, whom the despotic Mrs. Starr fears and hates. (Johnny Starr is played by Bob Bailey)



# HOLLY SLOAN



CLAY BROWN is from Maitland, too—in fact, it was in search of Holly that he first came to New York. He found a friend in warm-hearted SALLY BROWN, who is no relation, but who helped when he was in trouble. But Clay is so much in love with Holly that he is blind to everything else—blind to Sally's love for him, and also to the fact of Holly's love for Johnny Starr. (Clay is played by Vic Perrin; Sally is Louise Arthur)



MILLICENT STARR's world is composed of her wealth, her position . . . and Johnny. She has never understood why Johnny prefers to maintain his own New York apartment rather than live more luxuriously with her on Long Island, and she so despises Holly that she will go to any length to prevent this "country girl" from "trapping" Johnny into marriage. She uses a heart condition to keep Johnny by her side, and away from Holly Sloan. (Millicent is played by B. J. Thompson)



WILBUR RAMAGE, production manager of NYBC, is one of President PRENTISS JEFFRIES' most brilliant aides. Wilbur can certainly help advance his secretary Holly's radio career—if he doesn't complicate things by falling in love with her. (Wilbur Ramage, at left, is Bob Griffin; Prentiss Jeffries is played by Joe Forte)



ADELE KINGMAN is a successful career girl. As Talent Director for NYBC, she has the respect of her co-workers, the favorable eye of President Prentiss Jeffries, and had—until Holly Sloan arrived—the particular attention of Johnny Starr. Adele loves Johnny, but she fought to overcome her resentment of Holly. (Adele is played by Helene Burke)

# Between the

## BOY WITH BIKE

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

I think he has a bicycle up there,
Just like the one he loved so much on earth.
I'm sure the angels, as they stitched and pinned
And matched new feathers, noticing the mirth
That lingered roguishly in those bright eyes,
(As if they still saw kites and tops and things
Like that) decided then and there
A boy would much prefer a bike to wings!

And so I picture those small, tireless feet,
Still in the same scuffed shoes he wore down here,
As pedaling up a gentle, blue-hazed slope
Then coasting slowly, (For the Throne is near).
And oh, I know all Heaven understands
And smiles to hear him shout, "Look, God! No hands!"

—Billie Marie Crabb

## SANS STRINGS

I lend flour to the lady next door
Or salt or butter or bread,
I don't get them back from the lady next door
(Sometimes I borrow instead.)

I lend books to the man down the way,
He must have a dozen or more;
And dollars to people who'll never repay—
Like the lad in the novelty store.

I lend paper and dresses and soap
And socks to the girl 'cross the hall.
I let them go with never a hope—
Not that it matters at all.

Then one day I offered my heart—as a gift—
To a stranger who just happened by,
And he laughed as he took it—and dropped it—and broke it
And returned it—with scarcely a sigh.

—Minna Adams

## TO ONE WAYFARING

If you should reach your star
And bring it down
To set resplendent in
Your chosen crown,
O, I would join my voice
To all high praise
And show my love for you
In quiet ways
Within the radiance of
Your strength and power,
I, too, would know a little
shining hour.
But should you fail, my love,
O, should you fail,
Returning without star
Or holy grail,
Then might my love in splendor
Show itself,
Spread like a wing upon
The heart's wide shelf,
Healing your wounds of pride,
Of dark defeat,
Until, in wonderment,
You found them sweet.

—Gladys McKee

## THE DIFFERENCE

Whether you like or dislike a plan,
Such as "Sharing the Wealth" is,
Depends on whether the wealth to be shared,
Is yours or somebody else's.

—W. H. Nusbaum

## TWO MEN

**One man will shout his creed from a street corner**
**Where crowds rush by, and yet remain unheard;**
**While one in silence lifts the stone of Time,**
**And hews upon it one immortal word.**

**—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni**

Browse a bit among these verses, for one of them

# Bookends



By TED MALONE

**Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EDT, over ABC.**

### BOBTAILED TUNES

My heart is light with singing
Skylarking, bobtailed tunes
With no more rhyme nor reason
Than fluted pantaloons.

I've soup to eat for supper
All filled with luscious stuff . . .
And butternuts are in my cake,
But that is not enough

To cause this tumbling music
My heart can not define.
I wonder dear, if it *could* be
The way your eyes meet mine?
—Helen Mitchel

### POPULAR POET

I find her verses quite appealing;
They leave me with a tickly feeling;
And yet, despite the cash they net her,
I always think my own are better.
Though fame and fortune come to woo her,
And editors en masse pursue her,
I dare, though ethics would forbid it,
At times, to wonder how she did it.
But if contrarily I question
Her methods (What a foul suggestion!)
Or if perchance I'm over-zealous,
My conscience screams that I am jealous.
The fact she's sometimes mediocre,
Though insufficient to provoke her,
Reminds me that I must be gallant
And not reveal my hidden talent.
—Faye Chilcote Walker

### THE SKY REMEMBERS

**Woods listen still to birdsong**
**When all birds have flown:**
**The sky remembers rainbows**
**It has known.**
**—Mary Carolyn Davies**

### COMFORT

You come with reassurance for my grief,
And teach me why I have no cause to mourn.
Never a bough, you say, but came to leaf
After the weight of winter had been borne;
Never a midnight yet but came to dawn,
And no dark dream that crept on heavy feet
But vanished lightly after sleep was gone.
All this I know. And laughter still is sweet.

But if you cancel every grief with cheer,
What of this little hollow in my heart,
Shaped to a memory, desolate and dear,
And for my secret teardrops set apart?
Your calm philosophy can hardly see
How much my tender sorrow comforts me.
—Silence Buck Bellows

## RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

**will surely put words to your mood of the moment**

# My Winning Nights



**Each Sunday night, Dick**

**finds his heart in his throat—**

**but his fingers go right**

**on playing that winning accordion**

By

## DICK CONTINO

I CAN hardly believe all the wonderful things that have happened to me in the last six months. But there are a few million witnesses from coast to coast who have heard it as it happened. And, maybe if I tell my story, other boys and girls who have dreams like mine will be encouraged to have faith in themselves and keep trying.

A year ago I graduated from Fresno High School at seventeen and entered Fresno State College. I majored in music because that was the only thing in the world I cared about. After two weeks at college I grew restless. Just having music in the classroom wasn't enough for me. I had to get out and make music.

I talked the matter over with my parents, and because they understood me completely, they agreed that I couldn't be happy unless I was playing my accordion.

So, with their approval, I went over to the Fresno Musicians Union to see about out-of-town bookings. I had joined the Fresno Musicians Union two years previously, and all the men had been especially kind to me because I was their youngest member when I started at the age of fifteen.

That night there were no spectacular skyrockets lighting the Fresno skies, but there might just as well have been for me. Be-

**Night with Horace Heidt, on which Dick Contino may be**

# with HEIDT



"I've made some wonderful friends in all the places we've stopped."

cause it was the evening I bumped into one of Horace Heidt's scouts who was looking for performers to compete in the Horace Heidt National Talent Contest radio program.

He explained to me that Mr. Heidt was starting on a cross-country tour, looking for talented boys and girls in some of the smaller as well as larger towns all over the United States. Every week the Heidt scouts would gather up all prospective contestants in these towns and audition them carefully. The field would then be narrowed down to four or five acts which would appear on the Sunday night program over NBC. The winner of each week's contest would be carried over to compete against new rivals in a new town on the following week.

Thus one individual could continue to compete as long as he continued to win.

The weekly prize was two hundred and fifty dollars; the quarter-finals award was seven hundred and fifty, in addition to the chance of becoming a regular member of Mr. Heidt's troupe.

That same evening I was auditioned. After waiting around for a bewildering half-hour with my fingers turning from water to ice, I found myself standing in the middle of a bare stage, playing "Lady of Spain" with a kind of earnest desperation. (*Continued on page* 88)

heard, is a Sunday night feature on NBC, at 10:30 P.M. EDT.



"Mom and Dad came all the way from Fresno to New York for the quarter-finals. I knew I had to win, for them!"



"When I started out with the show, Horace Heidt told my folks I'd be well taken care of. Those weren't just words."

THE MADE-FOR-EACH-OTHER

# Bride and



Not till they cut the cake did Don believe Norma was marrying him, not his brother. Below, Norma with her father, who gave her away.



Ski clothes for their honeymoon: an extra gift to Mr. and Mrs. Don Wi



By JOHN NELSON

This story is told for Radio Mirror by the m.c. of Bride and Groom, heard daily at 2:30 EDT, ABC.

"MOST important of all, let's try to keep it always the love story of the boy and girl next door." That was how John Masterson summed up the basic idea of the Bride and Groom broadcasts, when he originated the program more than three years ago. Instead of a dreamed-up "tinsel and glamor" affair, the story of each day's couple was to be a true romance that had really happened to the kind of people we all know in our everyday life.

Not that this has meant ruling out excitement or drama. Just the opposite. Even the world's best writer of melodrama couldn't dream up plots more unusual, or exciting, or even hilarious, than the things that happened in the real-life romances of these couples.

For example, the couple who first met when the boy placed the girl under arrest (he was a traffic cop), and

**The young sculptor regarded the Rose Queen**

# Groom



presented by John Nelson.



Norma and Don wanted the ski clothes for the Sun Valley honeymoon that was an important part of their Bride and Groom collection of wedding presents. Tuck, one of Sun Valley's hunting dogs, became a good friend; he skis as well as—or better than—many of the customers.

the couple whose love story took place in the hush-hush atmosphere of the atom-bomb project—and the couples whose proposals had the various settings of a pawnshop, a locked museum, and a war-torn European city, with one proposal even being made over a trans-oceanic phone when the boy and girl had no idea if they would ever again see one another.

Yes, those of us who have listened to the hundreds of love stories of the "boy and girl next door" know that truth *really* is stranger than fiction. That's why unknown bridal couples have so greatly out-numbered the headline celebrities on Bride and Groom. We've had front-page names, yes—war heroes, motion picture people, writers, and artists—but in each case the couple was chosen not because they were celebrities, but because theirs was an outstanding love story.

That was true of the recent appearance of just about the most beautiful bride and the most handsome groom ever to appear on our broadcasts—Norma Christopher and Donald Winton, of Pasadena, California. We weren't the first ones to be aware of Norma's unusual beauty, either. In fact, a whole city beat us to it.

Norma was attending the Pasadena City College when the events started that were to make her name and face so well known to hundreds of thousands of people everywhere. Her school was one of the two colleges from which candidates were chosen for the royal role of Queen for the famous Pasadena Tournament of Roses.

A total of one hundred and fifty candidates were chosen from the colleges—on the basis of beauty, poise, and scholastic ability—and, of course, the beautiful Norma was included. But being (*Continued on page 78*)

with suspicion. She was too busy being beautiful, he thought, to have time to be anything else...

# People in



MRS. DIONE LUCAS's special skill has made her WCBS-TV show, To the Queen's Taste, one of the most popular on television. Well, most everyone is interested in good food, and Mrs. Lucas is an expert on the subject. She is a graduate of L'Ecole du Cordon Bleu in Paris—which has been issuing diplomas in European cookery to graduates for centuries. She and another English alumna opened a London replica of L'Ecole 15 years ago. The venture was approved by the Paris director, who gave them permission to bestow the "Cordon Bleu" on graduates. Mrs. Lucas opened her New York restaurant-school in 1942. To date she has taught thousands of Americans to appreciate European cooking. Her television cooking lesson (Thursdays, 8:15 P.M.) comes from her "Cordon Bleu" kitchen under the same conditions enjoyed by pupils of her school.



DENNIS JAMES has built up an enthusiastic following with his Dumont sportscasting. He injects so much humor into his television sports commentary that many fans consider it the most important part of the telecast. He snaps a little gadget, when wrestlers are in a particularly tight hold, that sounds exactly like bones cracking. And he is the one who discovered and spotlighted "Hatpin Mary"—that energetic middle-aged woman who had a ringside seat at every wrestling match, and if she didn't consider the action fast enough or if the wrestlers stayed in a locked position too long, would scamper up to the ropes and jab the top man with a long hatpin.



ADRIENNE: Eighteen bachelors of Forest Hills, Long Island, have formed one of the very first fan clubs in television. It is in honor of a tall, dark, beautiful girl with a thrilling voice. Her name is Adrienne. Just Adrienne. She is seen and heard on Dumont's Champagne and Orchids.

Each week Adrienne has an attractive man-about-town as a guest. She uses a set that televises like a corner of a sumptuous apartment. She is always exquisitely gowned—all this plus an outstanding voice makes her program a joy.

Adrienne's mother is the famous Margaret Matzenauer, one of the greatest mezzo-sopranos ever to sing with the Metropolitan Opera. Her father, who died several years ago, was Eduardo Ferrari-Fontuna, a tenor with the Metropolitan. So, logically, Adrienne was known as "The baby of the opera." Her godfathers were Caruso and Pasquale Amato. As if that weren't enough, she is a descendant of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Adrienne has done stage and radio work, but her greatest triumphs were in the top cafés in this country. The most hardened critics dug deep into their supplies of compliments to rave about her looks, voice, and technique, when she appeared at the Hotel Pierre, Rainbow Room, and the Drake in New York; the Ritz Roof in Boston; and the Walton Roof in Philadelphia, to name a few. That was perfect preparation for television, and the training is evident in the polish and charm she projects to the televiewer. Adrienne's enthusiasm helps, too—she considers television the perfect entertainment form.

# TELEVISION





**LANNY ROSS** needs no introduction to television audiences. As everyone knows, he has been an outstanding and popular singer on the radio for many years. Some of his best known shows were the Maxwell House Showboat, the Hit Parade, the Camel Caravan. Not as well known, but just as impressive, are his activities in the late war. Major Lanny Ross served 27 months overseas. Four battle stars, the Legion of Merit, and the Philippines Liberation ribbon are among his proudest possessions. Now television audiences can see and hear him on the Swift Show (NBT, Thurs. 8:30 P. M.).

**WIN ELLIOTT's** first job—announcer on WMEX in Boston—paid him fifteen dollars a week; today he is reputed to be the highest paid sportscaster in television. A tall, fast-thinking young man of thirty-two, Win spent his boyhood in Chelsea, just outside Boston. He started out studying medicine at the University of Michigan, but a post-graduate course in speech and radio convinced him to give up scalpels and concentrate on diction. Eight years in broadcasting, with jobs ranging from staff announcing and m.c.-ing to disc-jockeying and sportscasting, turned Win into a deft ad-libber with an amazing sense of timing—an essential factor in successful telecasting. Best known for County Fair, Win is presently cutting a niche for himself in television through his play-by-play-accounts of professional sports over WCBS-TV.



**BILL SLATER** is currently the genial host of Charade Quiz, WABD, Thursdays at 8:30 P.M. One thing video work has done for him, says Bill, is force him to turn down fancy desserts. Television cameras add many pounds to the person being televised, so it's a good idea to stay slim as possible. While up to his ears in television, Bill continues with his radio shows, Luncheon at Sardi's and Twenty Questions.



**ROGER FORSTER,** who narrates WABD's nightly INS-INP Camera Headlines show, has had his thumb in the video pie off and on ever since he was released from the army. While in the army, he worked on a number of shows from "Radio Tokyo" and picked up some Japanese and German accents which he puts to good use in making his Camera Headlines television show more vivid and interesting. In addition to his television work for WABD, he's heard from coast-to-coast as the man with the commercials on the Horace Heidt show. He also announces Linda's First Love. Roger lives in Englewood, N. J., with his pretty southern wife and four-year-old daughter.



# ANUT GALLERY

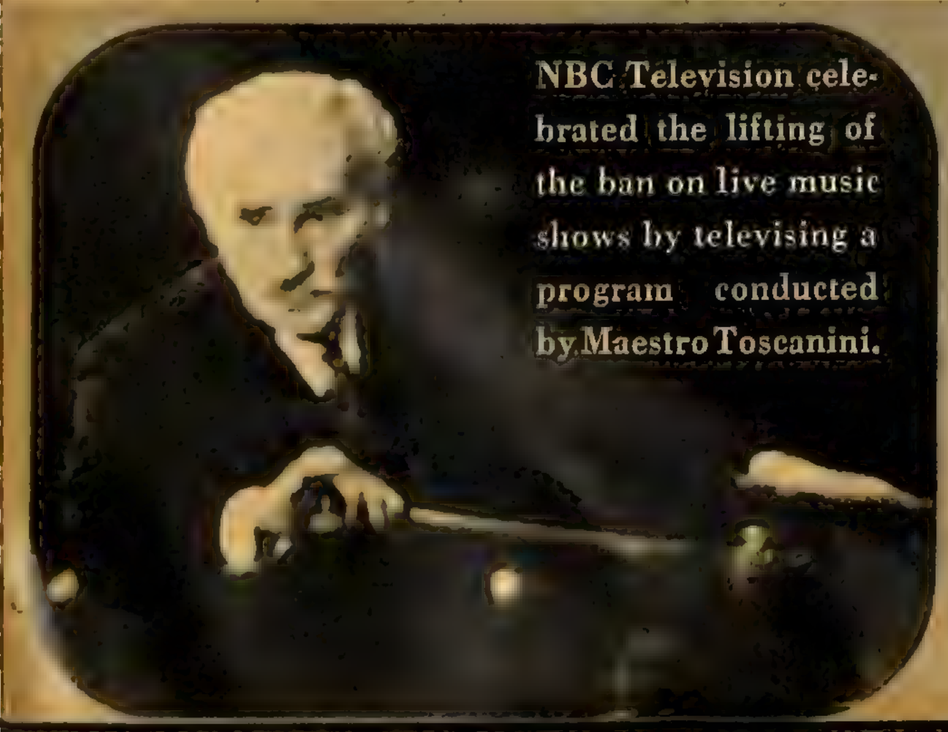
**There's no more absorbed audience than the Peanut Gallery that views "Howdy Doody"—**




**—and "Howdy" himself is running for President. That's Howdy on Bob Smith's right.**



**At the Easter Parade, our Tele-editor Joan Lloyd, Dennis James, and Sylvie St. Clair.**



**NBC Television celebrated the lifting of the ban on live music shows by televising a program conducted by Maestro Toscanini.**

# COAST to COAST



**Norman Thomas contributed to a stimulating interview by Leo Cherne on Dumont's Court of Current Issues.**

"I HAVE a simply sensational idea for television!" You are liable to hear that or words to that effect proclaimed by otherwise fairly self-contained citizens everywhere you turn these days. It's natural enough. Here, at long last, is a completely new entertainment industry—one that isn't all sewed up; one that might shoot newcomers to the top, and do it a great deal faster than the established and overcrowded fields of the theater, motion pictures, and radio. That television is currently drawing talent and executive personnel from those overcrowded fields does not curb any one's enthusiasm; as indeed it should not, for television must and will develop its own stars, producers, and directors.

Let's follow your brain child into the vast NBC Television workshop. The beginnings of your "sensational" idea conform pretty much to this pattern: You've seen television shows, you know you could produce or star in something better, you get the germ of a show idea, you work out the details of the format . . . and then you find yourself, frenzied with enthusiasm, facing a wide, high, solid brick wall. "Now what?" you ask. "Where do I go, and whom do I see?" After much confusion, you might realize that you've heard that NBC is just about the biggest video operation—why not submit your baby there? Your man there is Mr. Owen Davis, Jr. His title —and this gives you heart—is Director of Program Preparation and Procurement for NBC Television.

You write Mr. Davis a charming letter, attaching an outline of your television show. Let's say you call it "Here's How," and it is to be a demonstration, different each week, of how to play a popular parlor game. You

# in TELEVISION



For NBC's Mornings at Seven, small model of orchard is used for long shots; life-size model is the background.

have worked out gimmicks for checkers, chess, parchesi, monopoly, murder, charades, post office, etc., etc., you explain how you plan to ring in comedy, information, drama, romance, and a guest star. You toss around a few words like "sure-fire," "television-wise," and "audience-builder." Then you wait nervously to be summoned. The call never comes. After what seems an interminable period, there arrives one morning a very chilly document known as a "release." A quick glance will reveal that once you affix your signature thereto you have no further claims on the National Broadcasting Company, or its affiliates, or the Radio Corporation of America, or Owen Davis, Jr.—in fact it might from that day forward be a good idea to get permission to walk through Rockefeller Plaza. However you sign and return the release, putting yourself completely in their gold-filled hands.

Upon receipt of your signed waiver, your format is read for the first time by Mr. Davis and his staff. They do not read anything before receiving a release since they may already have a similar idea on hand. The works are then sent down to the NBC Legal Department, where the day received, day read, and a brief outline of the show are recorded. At this point one of three things can happen: The whole business can be returned to you with a polite note to the effect that your idea is not deemed suitable for WNBT at this time, but they are extremely grateful for your interest—in short, no dice. Secondly they might regretfully inform you that they have on file five other programs of a similar nature known respectively as (*Continued on page* 100)



Mortimer and Bergen check a script with NBC's Fred Coe, and Harry Herman.



Owen Davis, Jr.: NBC's Director of Program Preparation, the "idea factory."



A scene direct from the Broadway stage show "Mr. Roberts", televised by CBS.

# PERRY MASON and the case of



PERRY MASON is a criminal lawyer, one of the most feared—and admired—men in his profession. Hard work and hard fighting have helped him achieve his reputation, but he is able to build success upon success because toughness is not his only asset. Behind a hard-boiled façade Perry conceals a shrewd understanding of people, an awareness of their emotional patterns and of their relationships to each other that acts like a sixth sense when he is on a case. DELLA STREET, Perry's secretary, is in love with him. It's an almost hopeless love that never quite dies, for there is always a smile, a touch, a warm word from Perry to feed her hope that some day he will look at her and see, not an invaluable co-worker, but an attractive woman. Meanwhile, she works devotedly with him on behalf of MARY McKEEN, whose husband David has disappeared in a plane over the Caribbean, leaving her unprotected against his predatory sister, Elizabeth. (Perry Mason is played by John Larkin; Della is Joan Alexander; Mary, on the left, is Mary Jane Higby)

**Perry Mason, based on the character created by Erle Stanley Gardner, is heard Monday through Friday at 2:15 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations.**

# the sinister sister

**Perry Mason fights to protect a woman from an enemy driven by one of the most dangerous motives known to man**





ELIZABETH WREN, sister of the missing David McKeen, has taken advantage of Mary's grief-stricken collapse to have her declared an unfit mother for the one-year-old McKeen baby. Liz's aim, as always, is to gain possession of the money David controlled. In her persecution of Mary, Liz has had the help of her vicious friend, DR. KEEGAN. (Liz is played by Inge Adams; Dr. Keegan is Eric Dressler)

PAUL DRAKE is Perry's assistant, a young man highly adept at getting information out of people even when they're determined not to give it. It's Paul who does much of the "leg work" that provides evidence for the wily, ingenious cases Perry Mason is famous for developing. Liz Wren is up against an almost unbeatable combination in Perry, Paul and Della. (Paul is played by Charles Webster)

# The WIFE in the LIFE of DENNIS DAY

*Dennis was like any other bachelor: he had his list of wife-specifications. But one day he became an exception. He met the girl who filled them!*

By ROBBIN COONS



Perfect wedding: nervous groom, radiant bride, kindly Father John Conlon.



Perfect wife: Peggy loves Dennis' record collection.

THIS is the story of some golden days in the life of Dennis Day. . . .

It's the tale of a bridegroom who did *not* forget the wedding ring, and of a bride whose very first biscuits were neither burned to a crisp nor stony-hard; of a wedding that was "simply beautiful" and of a honeymoon that was brief but perfect—unless you count as imperfections such minor details as the car radiator that froze in the night, the mountain lion that got away, the lamb chops that played iceberg. . . .

The story began, actually, when Boy met Girl. That was two years ago.

Margaret Ellen Almquist was the daughter of family friends of Dennis's folks, the McNultys. She lived in Lynwood, a pleasant community close to (*Continued on page* 82)



"Who is she?" everyone asked when Dennis Day bypassed all the career girls he'd dated and married Margaret Ellen Almquist. The answer is pure American traditional: Peggy's the girl next door. Or almost. And as far as careers go, she's got one: homemaking for the Dennis Days.

*A Day in the Life of Dennis Day is heard on NBC, Wed., 8 P.M. EDT.*

# TRAVELER of the MONTH

*The intrigue of Old India weaves an*

BY way of the oil-scented bower of an Indian potentate's favorite dancing girl, of a lion-infested farm in the Himalayan mountains, and of a big-hearted Iowa town—that's how our "Traveler of the Month" came to us.

She's Grace Arnold, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a British aristocrat and a dark-eyed Indian dancing girl, and the true story that she told our coast-to-coast party sounded like a potpourri of Rudyard Kipling, Cecil B. DeMille and the Arabian Nights. It will be many months of travelers before I forget this pretty young lady. Also, I won't forget the family of modern pioneers who had brought Grace from India to America, and who were returning with her to the Himalayas. They are Mr. and Mrs. Max Strong and their three young children—a family that calls Atlantic, Iowa, its American home, but spends most of its time on a mission farm in India.

I'll get ahead of my story a little and tell you this: Mr. and Mrs. Strong had brought Grace to America because they feared she was going to be kidnapped in India, kidnapped by a Mohammedan brother who resented her conversion to Christianity and planned to return her, by night, to the walled, veiled world of Mohammedan women. Getting the idea that eighteen-year-old Grace had quite a story?

Grace's father was William Canning Arnold, son of Sir Edward Arnold, a British nobleman and man of letters. The younger Arnold had made his way to India, and finally to the province of Bhopal. There, in a way that Grace couldn't explain, he met an Indian woman of great beauty—the No. One dancing girl of the powerful Nwab of Bhopal.

The romance of this impetuous young Britisher and the fiery daughter of a world of harems was a brave flame, burning despite the disapproval of both Indians and Englishmen. Young Arnold married his dancing girl, and they had two children, Grace and her older brother. Grace led a happy life until her seventh year. But then Arnold was knifed and murdered in a senseless brawl, and for a time the English half of Grace Arnold also was dead.

Her mother returned to her old benefactor, the Nwab of Bhopal. As a dancing girl of beauty, as a prime favorite who glided from behind a screen to entertain the Nwab and his guests at important banquets, Grace's mother rated much comfort. She and her children had their own house and gardens near that of the Nwab, and there were servants to attend all their needs. This went on for a year, until the spirited dancing girl fell ill with malaria,

BY TOMMY BARTLETT

**This Welcome Travelers story is told for Radio Mirror by the program's M.C. Hear it daily at 12 N., EDT, on ABC.**




Bound for India, the Strong family stopped at Tommy Bartlett's Welcome Travelers microphone to tell 18-year-old Grace Arnold's fascinating story.

*adventurous Englishman and a dark-eyed dancing girl into this unforgettable Traveler's tale*

and died despite all the care of the Nwab's physicians.

The Nwab felt kindly toward the two little orphans, and Grace and her brother stayed on with him, protected by him and tutored to take their places in the Mohammedan world.

In England, however, their father's family had other plans. A prim, British spinster of an aunt—parasol and all—decided that Grace was to return to Britain and enter Mayfair society. The aunt made her way to India, found Grace and tried to hide her disapproval of the girl's mode of living while inviting her to return to England. To Grace, however, this woman was an envoy from an alien world, and she wanted to stay in her own Mohammedan world. And the aunt, still clutching that parasol, returned to England alone.

Some time later, Grace told me, she was converted to Christianity. And with her conversion came a desire to leave the Nwab and live among the people whom she now called her own.

Just how Grace parted from the Nwab is not clear. Anyway, one night Grace and her brother were taken out of Bhopal and guided to a unique farm at Champawat, United Provinces, India. And at that farm she met, for the first time, the Strong family.

Let me tell you about that farm. It was founded by a missionary group to take care of the children of British fathers and Indian mothers, the children of broken homes who could find no place for themselves in the rigid caste life of India. Maxon Strong, who had been sent to India by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions as an Agricultural Engineer, ran the farm with his wife's help. Their three children were born there, in a patch of clear land encircled by jungles, by tigers and wild pigs and leopards, by mysterious night sounds from the menacing underbrush.

Here the British-Indian children worked, took Bible lessons, got academic training and prepared to take useful places in the world. Here the (*Continued on page* 99)




AS every radio listener by this time knows, it's a far, loud cry from the old childhood game called Truth or Consequences to the version that is played Saturday nights at 8:30 EDT on NBC. There are lots of differences, and not the least of these is that the stakes you play for in the radio game are so large they stagger the imagination. You remember, for instance, Mrs. Florence Hubbard, whose story you read in June Radio Mirror . . . winner of the Walking Man Contest, she walked away with almost $23,000 worth of fabulous prizes. That's one reason why Truth or Consequences contests normally arouse as much public tension as an international crisis—and much more fun! And that's why we chose this program for your front-row studio seats this month.

Well then, here you are in Hollywood, in comfort-




able, colorful NBC Radio City Studio E, close enough to the stage to see more than the average studio guest of what's going on up there. Background to the action is formed by gleaming refrigerators and other desirable odds and ends, a mere fraction of the contestant's possible winnings.

The people you see are, left to right: Al Pascal, production manager; Fred Carney, assistant production manager; Floyd Holm, supervisor of the program for the Compton Advertising Agency; Phil Davis, one of the writers; Ralph Edwards, in the midst of putting the feathered contestant through his paces; standing at right, Ed Bailey, the program's director. Sitting behind Mr. Bailey, more contestants wait their turn.

Now, which do you pick: truth, or consequences? Either way, you win!



The secret of a cool summer for the family cook lies right in the salad bowl. Not "rabbit food," but *real* food can come out of it: combine a hearty base with frilly greens, and there you are!

# Summer Salads

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

IS there anyone who really likes to cook in hot weather? I don't, so I plan my meals to come out of the refrigerator. This only takes an hour or two of work in the morning in the kitchen. It is cool then and I get most of the day's cooking out of the way.

A big hearty salad, hot rolls or biscuits and a long cool drink often settle my supper problem. The secret of this is to make that salad a hearty one. I make it with a base of meat, cheese or fish and plenty of fresh vegetables. Fruit salads are my favorites for lunch. For the dressing I like just plain sour cream. Lots of people think that sour cream tastes sour. It doesn't really—it just has a tang that goes perfectly with all kinds of fruit. Gelatine salads, too, are good warm weather dishes. I like them because they are so versatile; you can make so many interesting and delicious dishes from them. Here are my favorite summer recipes. All of them keep the kitchen cool.

### CHEF'S SALAD BOWL

1 cup shredded lettuce
1 cup shredded romaine
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 bunch watercress
½ can luncheon meat or tongue cut in strips
4 hard cooked eggs, cut in wedges
¼ pound American cheese, cut in strips
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
2 tomatoes, sliced or wedged
Mayonnaise or French dressing

Combine crisp greens, add to meat, eggs, cheese and thyme. Toss together lightly. Arrange tomatoes and chill thoroughly. Serve with hot dressing and refrigerator rolls and butter. Makes 6 servings.

### FRANKFURTER POTATO SALAD

6 medium sized potatoes, peeled, cooked and diced
½ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons minced onion
6 radishes, sliced
½ cup minced dill pickle
3 frankfurters, cooked
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup mayonnaise (about)
Lettuce or watercress

Combine potatoes, celery, onion, radishes and pickle. Skin frankfurters, slice and add to potato mixture. Add salt, mustard and enough mayonnaise to blend. Cover and chill well. Serve on lettuce. Makes 6 servings.

### FRESH FRUIT SALAD

1 tablespoon plain gelatine
½ cup sugar
1½ cups water
¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
1½ cups diced or sliced fresh fruit or berries (do not use fresh pineapple)
½ cup diced celery

Combine gelatine, sugar, water, orange and lemon juice in a saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling, over low heat. Stir until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit and celery. Turn into 6 individual custard cups or one large mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

NOTE: To serve as dessert, omit celery and add other fruit.

### GRAPEFRUIT RING FILLED WITH SHRIMP SALAD

2 tablespoons plain gelatine
½ cup cold water
3 cups sweetened grapefruit juice
¾ cups orange juice
¼ cup strained lemon juice
Watercress
2 cups shrimp salad

Combine gelatine and cold water. Add to grapefruit juice. Add the orange juice and lemon juice. Bring to boiling over low (*Continued on page* 103)

By KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR**

**Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on stations of the Mutual network.**



**Here is the story of the marriage of Rosemary—all the doubts, the heart-searching, the fears that**

AFTERWARD, Rosemary couldn't recall that winter, that brief and perfect season of her marriage, without remembering also the "Liebestod" filling the living room at home with the glorious, tragic love music of *Tristan and Isolde* . . . without remembering Joyce Miller's radiant face across a luncheon table.

Both Rosemary and her friend had their full share of joy that day, and both for the same reason. Nothing could touch them. The people at the tables around them, the holiday shoppers hunching their shoulders against the stinging wind outside, had no part in their private, blissful world.

"Now," said Rosemary, "tell me about it—all your wonderful news."

"It's this." Joyce hesitated, as if she were almost fearful of putting so much happiness into words. "Will you be my maid of honor?"

"So soon?" Rosemary gasped. "You're already making plans—"

Joyce nodded. "I hope it's going to be next week. Dick's final decree will come through any minute now, and then we'll wait a few days, and then Dick wants us to get married. Wants me," she finished in an awed voice, "to become Mrs. Dick Phillips."

"But next week! Oh, Joycey, I'm afraid—"

"Don't say you can't!" Joyce interrupted swiftly. "You've suffered with me through this whole thing, Rosemary, and I just couldn't get married without you."

"But I may not be here next week," Rosemary protested. "I may be in Chicago."

"Chicago! What for?"

"Because of Bill," Rosemary explained. "He's got to go up there. There's someone who wants to see him, to find out if he's a son or a brother missing in action. He made the same kind of test here at the hospital the other day. And of course he'd never seen the woman before, nor had she ever seen him. I'm sure the same thing will happen in Chicago. But there's always that chance—that slim chance—that it may be somebody who is out of his past."

It hurt, talking about Bill's past, even to as good a friend as Joyce Miller. It hurt to think that he'd had a young lifetime which she knew nothing about, which Bill himself knew nothing about. It would have been frightening, had she let herself be afraid. But because she loved him, her heart saw him whole, complete, even though her mind knew that Bill's memory went hardly further than his coming to Springdale and to the care of Dr. Jim Cotter—hardly beyond his coming to the Dawson house, where Dr. Jim had placed him.

"He's going to Chicago," Joyce repeated, "and you're going with him?"

"I want to," Rosemary answered. "I think I should. But Dr. Jim and Bill don't want me to go. They want to go alone."

"Then let them," Joyce pleaded, "so you can be here for my wedding."

Rosemary smiled at her, and yet wondered at the gap that could exist even between friends as close as Joyce and she. But then, she couldn't expect Joyce to understand how she felt about the wall that divided Bill Roberts from his past. Joyce's troubles with Dick had been entirely different. Dick's life was an open book—perhaps too open. President of the bank in Springdale, husband of Emily Phillips. . . . No, Joyce hadn't had an easy time of it, working side by side with Dick at the bank, loving him—so hopelessly, it had seemed at first.

"Joycey," she said gently, "you know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. But I have to be near Bill. He went through a test last night at our house . . ." She stared at her plate, seeing instead the comfortable living room of the Cape Cod bungalow on the Newtown Road, and her mother and Dr. Jim, and Bill. Hearing the tremendous and painful beauty of the "Liebestod" pouring out of the phonograph.

"We'd been window shopping that afternoon, Bill and I," she went on. "Day-dreaming about the things we'd have when we were married. Then Bill said, 'We'll have a wonderful record library. My favorite is *Tristan and Isolde*. I love the 'Liebestod.' I love—' And then he stopped, realizing that he *was* remembering something out of his past—and he couldn't bring back any more of it. He remem-




**Radio Mirror's exclusive Reader Bonus novelette, complete in this issue, brings you for the first time in story form an important event in the life of Rosemary, just as it was heard on the air. (Rosemary is heard Mon.-Fri., CBS, 11:45 A.M. EDT)**

went before it; all the joy of that glorious day when at last her cup of happiness brimmed full!



**"Nothing," Rosemary thought, "can separate us now." (Rosemary is Betty Winkler; Bill is George Keane)**

bered a room and a fire and a radio playing softly, and that was all. So—after we got home that night, I played the 'Liebestod.' Dr. Jim was there, and he thought it was a good idea, thought it would help Bill remember more. It didn't—but it threw him into a terrible panic. He was pale and shaking—"

Rosemary herself looked a little pale at the recollection. Joyce spoke quickly.

"Then of course you have to go to Chicago with him, Rosemary. I didn't realize it was so important—"

"It's terribly important," said Rosemary slowly. "The least little thing might upset his balance, might even cause the present to blot out. And oh, Joycey, sometimes in my dreams I have nightmares when I think Bill doesn't know me, doesn't remember who I am—"

"Maybe I can put off our wedding for a few days," said Joyce. "You'll come back very soon, won't you?"

"Oh, yes." Rosemary nodded confidently. "The chances are a million to one that it'll be no one related to Bill. In that case, we'll take the very next train back to Springdale. And I'll feel that we've put one more hurdle behind us. You see, Joycey, it's the shock of his suddenly being confronted with someone or something out of his past that I'm afraid of. I can't help feeling that he'll be all right if his memory returns gradually—as it *is* returning. Almost every day some little fragment of something comes to him."

"And when he does remember everything and know who he is—" Joyce smiled.

"When he does," Rosemary's laughter spilled over at the very thought, "Mother and Dr. Jim and Bill himself can't have any more objections to our getting married. We're going to have the most wonderful life in the world."

"I know." Joyce's laugh echoed hers. "Oh, Rosemary, it's such fun to have you feel the same way I do, to know you can't live without a man, just as I can't live without Dick. Look at all those people on the street. Do you suppose they all feel the way we do, are as happy and as grateful as we are? I'm sure they're not. Because I had



Mother Dawson
(Marian Barney)

such a miserable life—I never had love at all until I met Dick."

"And it was just the opposite for me," said Rosemary softly. "I've had love all my life—Mother, and Patti, and Dr. Jim, who's been almost like a father to Patti and me. And yet, I never came alive until I met Bill."

"We've found what everybody else is looking for," Joyce said. "We've been so lucky. This isn't just the everyday thing. It's—"

"The sort of thing you read about in books but never expect to feel yourself," Rosemary finished for her. "Oh, Joycey—"

They smiled at each other. They couldn't stop smiling, not with their cup of happiness brimming full. And yet, there was more to come for Rosemary that very day.

Bill called for her in the late afternoon, when the office was deserted and the street outside was quiet in the blue winter twilight. Rosemary had been telephoning. She put down the receiver as he came in.

"That was Dr. Jim," she said. "He's coming over after dinner to give me some more reasons as to why I shouldn't go with you to Chicago."

Bill had put his hands on her shoulders, had been about to kiss her. Now his hands remained where they were, but his face set seriously.

"But, darling, we settled that. I told you I didn't want you to go. As a favor to me, please wait here for me."

"Why, Bill?" She searched his face, knowing every line of it, loving every line of it, even the lost and wistful expression that was sometimes there, even when it was set and forbidding as it was now. "Is there something special about this trip that you haven't told me about? You said yourself last night when that music upset you— You said that having me there helped. You know you did."

"Rosemary—" For a moment he couldn't go on, not with her troubled, candid eyes fixed upon his. He couldn't lie to her; neither could he stand there and see her love betrayed by telling her the truth. "Will you trust me," he asked, "when I say I don't want you—that I've my own reasons, and I'm not going to tell them to you no matter how hard you beg nor how much you try to get around them?"

"Then there is something!" Her hands came up, curled hard around his wrists. "There's something special about this trip —why don't you tell me what it is? You know that every little thing that happens to you is so terribly important to me—"

"I'll tell you one thing," he said steadily, "that I love you more than anything else on this earth, more than any other man ever loved a woman. And that I've counted the minutes all day until I could get here and see you and talk to you and kiss you—"

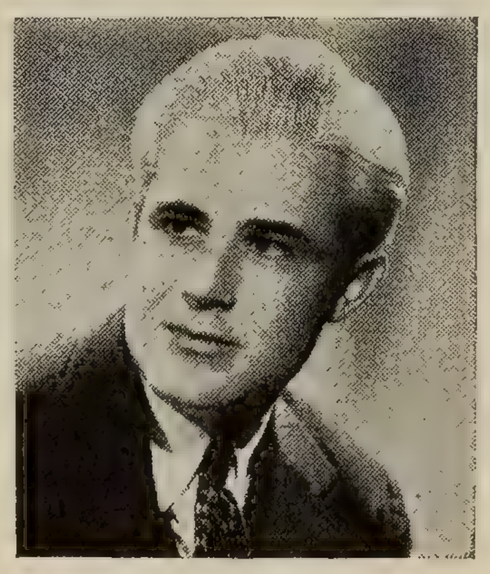
She melted against him, could no more have held herself away than she could have stopped breathing. For a little while they were one; the fact of their love shut out everything else, all her fears for him, his own miserable inability to accept the love she offered. Then Rosemary broke away, biting her lips to still their shaking.

"You're not going to put me off that way," she said. "I'm not going to be sidetracked by loving to have you hold me and kiss me. Bill, tell me what it is, why you're going—"

He made himself laugh, as if the secret were a small one, made himself say lightly, "Come on, it's late. We're going to dinner, we're going to pick up our pictures, we're going to have fun—"

"Fun! When you won't tell me—"

"Come on. Get your coat—" Then he got it for her and she let him put it on her because his arms came with it for a moment. "Hat next. Gloves—no, never mind your other glove. I'll put your hand in my pocket and keep it warm. We've got to get some place before it closes."



Dr. Jim Cotter
(Charles Penman)

"What place? Why? Bill—"

He maneuvered her, laughing and protesting, out of the office, into the street. They passed a few doors, turned into a still lighted shop.

"Why it's Smith's!" she exclaimed. "Whatever—? Good evening, Mr. Smith."

Pete Smith came forward, beaming at her over the cases of watches and rings. He had a special place in his heart for the Dawson girls, a very special place for their mother, Susy.

"I want a ring for Rosemary," Bill said. "The very best and most beautiful solitaire you have."

"Bill!" she gasped. "You mustn't! I won't let you—"

"Well, now—" The old man was flustered. "I'll be glad to show you . . . only it isn't often anyone comes in and asks for the best I have. Usually young folks are buying on a budget."

"So are we," said Rosemary firmly. "For that matter, I hadn't even thought of a ring—"

"I have," said Bill. "And we're not on a budget, not when it comes to Rosemary's ring."

"Well, now—" He slid back the showcase door, closed it again, turned to the safe behind him. "I have here something very beautiful that was left with me to sell. Only thing is, the price—"

Rosemary caught her breath at the flashing stone that was set down on the square of black velvet before her. Bill was watching her closely. "Like it?" he asked.

"Like it! It's simply gorgeous—but not for me! Why, it must be two carats, at least!"

"I believe it is," Mr. Smith agreed. "And it has a happy history. The lady who brought it in said she was very happy wearing it, and that she hoped that whoever bought it would be very happy, too."

Bill slipped it on her finger. "It's your ring," he said. "It's perfect for you. I won't let you have any other."

Rosemary didn't believe it at first. She felt a little as if Bill had shown her Buckingham Palace and had told her that he was buying it for her to live in. When she did believe it, she protested vehemently, and in vain. Bill and Mr. Smith retired to the back room to settle the business end of the sale; Rosemary was left alone with her ring.

It flashed at her through a dazzling mist. Her eyes were wet; her throat ached unbearably. That Bill cared so much for her, wanted so much for her . . . and then the mist cleared. The ring meant something—it was more than an engagement ring. With it, Bill was trying to tell her something, something he couldn't put into words. He was asking her to believe in him, to take on faith the answers to all her questions, to understand that, no matter what happened, their love was as changeless as the imperishable stone.

"Bill," she asked as they left the shop, "if for any reason you were going to stay away from me for a length of time, you'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

"I never want to stay away from you for a single minute, Rosemary. You know that."

He spoke soberly, and her heart quickened at the words, at the tenderness in his voice. But her question remained unanswered. She persisted.

"I know that, but you're not answering me, Bill. Can't you answer? Why?"

"Because I don't know, Rosemary," he said patiently. "I don't know what will be the result of the trip—"

"But whatever it is, you'll come straight back here and tell me about it, won't you?"

"Rosemary, how can I tell how I'll act, when I don't know what restoring my memory will do to me? Nobody knows what's ahead of me—ahead of us. All I know is that I have this moment—now—to be with you, to be happy with you, to forget what may or what may not come. Rosemary—" He stopped, looked down into her face under the street light. Again she felt him trying to reach her, felt the unspoken plea. "Help me, Rosemary," he said, "to be happy this moment. Darling, help me to get all that I can out of right now—"

Her hand was cradled in his inside his overcoat pocket. Her thumb moved, touched the ring as she would touch a

talisman. The touch of it brought instant reassurance.

"Oh, yes, Bill," she said. "Of course I will. And I won't beg you any more to take me with you. I won't say another word about it. We'll just be happy now, enough for all the rest of our time. You know that's what I want to do more than anything else."

They called it their perfect night. The proofs of the pictures they'd had taken the night before at the little shop near the station so delighted them that they granted the photographer his dearest wish, and allowed themselves to be snapped in his property automobile, with Rosemary dangling her hand over the side so that her ring would show. They took running slides, like children, on an icy patch of sidewalk, and arrived breathless and glowing at their rendezvous, the Wishing Well.

Bill's hand sought hers across the table. "I love sitting across the table from you," he said in a low voice. "I love the shape of your face, and the shadow of your lashes on your cheeks. I love your mouth—you have the most irresistible mouth—"

"Don't," said Rosemary. She tried to pull her hand away, but he held it fast. "Darling, if you don't stop saying things like that, I'll get up right here in the middle of the restaurant and sit on your knee. Besides, it only makes the waiting harder. Why do we have to wait at all, Bill? When we're so sure of ourselves, of each other. . . ."

She could have added, "I'm still afraid; I'm terrified. Not of loving you, no matter what your past has been. I've never been afraid of that. No, it's being separated from you that terrifies me—"

Bill said reasonably, "It shouldn't. Because we are sure is the very reason it won't hurt us to wait until I've had a little more time to find out who I really am."

He'd used exactly the right words. She felt calmer, at peace. And when they left the Wishing Well and stepped into a world of softly drifting white, she caught Bill's arm, halting him. Together they stared up into the powdery sky.

"I love snow," said Rosemary. "It's so pure—so perfect. On a night like this it's hard to believe that anything can go wrong in the world, for anyone."

"I love your mind," he said. "It's like a child's—so clear and fine and unspoiled." After a moment he added, "It's too beautiful out for us to go home. Let's go coasting—commandeer Patti's sled. My brother and I used to—"

He stopped. Rosemary held her breath, waiting. "Yes, Bill. You and your brother used to—"

"He had a bob-sled," Bill said slowly. "He used to teach me to steer. His name was—was—"

"Go on," said Rosemary tensely. "His name—"

Bill shook his head. "It's gone. But I can see him steering that sled—my big brother. Golly, Rosemary, this is the first time that a person has come so clear to me!"

Nothing better could happen, Rosemary thought—not in that one night. Joyce's future was settled; she herself had her ring, concrete symbol of the bond between Bill and her, and now this fragment had come out of Bill's past, more promising than any of the others.

Much later, after they'd reached home, after Bill had gone to his room off the kitchen, she couldn't sleep for thinking about the enchanted hours behind her.



Peter Harvey
(Sidney Smith)

Patti was with her, curled up on the foot of her bed, looking every inch the high school girl she was, in pajamas and with a matching bow tied in her long, curly bob. Patti was in raptures over the ring. Aside from its size and beauty, it made Rosemary's marriage seem imminent, and Patti did not side with her mother and Dr. Jim and Bill himself in feeling that the marriage ought to be put off.

"Oh, Rosemary," she cried. "Isn't Bill just utterly devastating? I mean, to think of getting a ring like that! I'm really being awfully unselfish in giving him up to you."

"Yes, you are, baby," said Rosemary tenderly, "and don't think I don't appreciate it."

Patti gave her a suspicious sidelong glance. "Oh, I know you're laughing at me inwardly, but after all, I did fall in love with him first. And I just didn't try to get him when I saw he meant your whole life. I still think he's exactly the right type for me. I mean, he just disturbs me to the depths of my soul. He's so utterly romantic looking—sort of wistful."



Patti Dawson
(Patsy Campbell)

Rosemary laughed. "I don't think he looked so wistful tonight when he was throwing snowballs down my neck on Anderson's Hill."

Patti gazed at her round-eyed, reproachful. "Rosemary, sometimes I think you just don't appreciate the finer— Isn't that the telephone?"

Rosemary listened, and swung her feet to the floor. "It is. How funny at this time of night—"

Bill and her mother had heard it, too, but Rosemary reached the telephone first. It took a moment for her to recognize the voice that came over the wire, so changed was it from when she had last heard it.

"Rosemary— Rosemary—" It was Joyce. "Something terrible has happened—"

Patti waited as long as she could bear to wait. She heard her sister's shocked exclamation, but the rest of the one-sided conversation told her nothing. "It's Joyce, isn't it?" she whispered at Rosemary's elbow. "What does she say, Rosemary? Mother, Bill, It's Joyce, and I think she's crying—"

Rosemary put down the telephone and turned to face them. "Emily Phillips was killed in an accident on the Coast," she said. "Her car went over a cliff."

Patti was the first to break the shocked silence that followed. "Well, what does Joyce care about that?" she demanded. "Doesn't that make things simpler?"

"Patti!" Her mother's voice was heavy with warning.

"Who was killed?" Bill asked.

"Emily Phillips," Rosemary repeated. "Dick Phillips' wife—Dick's the man Joyce was—is—going to marry. I've got to go to her, Bill, and I think I'd better spend the night. Joyce is in a terrible state. You see, Dick didn't even tell Joyce about it as soon as it happened. He made all the arrangements to go to the Coast, had a car drive him to the junction, and didn't call Joyce until he was at the junction waiting for a train. She feels—she can't help feeling—that he's simply turned his back on her . . . gone back to Emily."

Dr. Jim Cotter heard about it the next morning he dropped in for an early cup of coffee in the Dawson kitchen. He sipped his coffee and listened with somber eyes while Mrs. Dawson talked.

"You don't know any details, Susy, except that Emily was alone in the car when it happened?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, Bill took Rosemary over to Joyce last night, and that's all he knew when he came back. Whatever you're thinking, Jim, don't say it, for Joycey's sake."

"All right, I won't—but I'll think it, Susy. Knowing how Emily felt about Dick, knowing that her life practically ended when she parted from him. . . . Rosemary's still with Joyce?"

"Yes," she answered. "Why?"

"I was just thinking. I'm ready to leave for Chicago any time Bill wants to go. This might be a good time, with Rosemary absorbed in Joyce's troubles."

"Oh, Jim!" She stared at him across the table, her eyes dark with indecision. "I don't know what to say. It's so difficult for me to decide to part them."

"I know, Susy. But you can see for yourself they're falling more in love every day—and he can't marry Rosemary until he knows who he is and what his obligations are. He wouldn't want to, and he mustn't. I think I'll talk to him right now."

"I'll call him. He's in the dining room, having breakfast with Patti." She got up and went to the swinging door that separated the rooms and paused there, her hand on the glass panel, her head bowed. (*Continued on page 85*)

# Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

## SUNDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | | | Earl Wild | Carolina Calling |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Story to Order<br>Words and Music | People's Church<br>Tone Tapestries | White Rabbit Line | News<br>Renfro Valley Folks<br>Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Bible Highlights<br>Voices Down The Wind | Radio Bible Class<br>Voice of Prophecy | Message of Israel<br>Southernaires | Church of the Air<br>Church of the Air |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | News Highlights<br>Solitaire Time | Christian Reform Church<br>Reviewing Stand | Fine Arts Quartette<br>Hour of Faith | Negro College Choir<br>Salt Lake Tabernacle |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | World Front News<br>Eternal Light | Pilgrim Hour<br>Lutheran Hour | Texas Jim Robertson<br>On Trial | Invitation to Learning<br>People's Platform |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | America United<br>Chicago Round Table | William L. Shirer<br>American Radio Warblers<br>Stan Lomax | Sam Pettengill<br>Stewart Alsop, News<br>National Vespers | Doorway To Life<br>Tell It Again |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Musical Program<br>Robert Merrill | Army Air Force Show<br>Bill Cunningham<br>Veteran's Information | This Week Around the World<br>Mr. President, Drama | CBS Is There<br>Joseph C. Harsch<br>Elmo Roper |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Eddy Howard<br>One Man's Family | Ernie Lee's Omega Show<br>Juvenile Jury | Lassie Drama<br>The Almanac<br>Sammy Kaye | CBS Symphony Orch. |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | The Quiz Kids<br>News<br>Living—1948 | House of Mystery<br>True Detective | Speak Up America<br>Thinking Allowed | Eileen Farrell |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | Ford Show | The Shadow<br>Quick As A Flash | Treasury Agent<br>David Harding | Janette Davis<br>Here's to You<br>Hour of Charm |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | The Catholic Hour<br>Hollywood Star Preview | Those Websters<br>Nick Carter | Drew Pearson<br>Don Gardner<br>Greatest Story Ever Told | Family Hour<br>Percy Faith |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Jack Benny<br>Band Wagon | Sherlock Holmes<br>Behind the Front Page | I Love Adventure<br>The Clock | Gene Autry<br>Blondie |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:55 | Robert Shaw's Chorale<br>Fred Allen | A. L. Alexander<br>Jimmie Fidler<br>Billy Rose | Stop the Music | Sam Spade<br>Man Called X |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Manhattan Merry-Go-Round<br>American Album | Meet Me at Parky's<br>Jim Backus Show | Walter Winchell<br>Louella Parsons<br>Theatre Guild | Strike It Rich |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Take It or Leave It<br>Horace Heidt | Voice of Strings<br>Latin American Serenade | Jimmie Fidler | Shorty Bell with Mickey Rooney<br>Escape |



MICHAEL RAFFETTO is a member of the California Bar Association and of the cast of One Man's Family.



EVE YOUNG who is heard as the singing bridesmaid on NBC's Honeymoon in New York, Mondays through Fridays at 9:00 A.M., EDT, comes from a musical family. She has two sisters and six brothers, all of whom sing and most of whom can play several instruments. Eve acquired her singing experience with Joe Reichman's Band.

## MONDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Jack Almand Trio |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in New York<br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | Editor's Diary<br>Ozark Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br>Road of Life<br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith In Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>Listening Post | Music For You<br>Evelyn Winters<br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This Is Nora Drake<br>Kate's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Bill Harrington<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Bkfst in H'wood<br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | Harkness of Washington<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br>U. S. Service Band | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | Luncheon With Lopez<br>Robert McCormick<br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Happy Gang<br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Bill Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>The Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen For A Day<br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>This Is Nora Drake<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | Red Hook 31 | Ladies Be Seated<br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Robert Hurleigh<br>Johnson Family<br>Misc. Programs<br>Harold Turner | Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When A Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Adventure Parade<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Liberty Road<br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | John MacVane<br>Sketches in Melody<br>Sunoco News | Local Programs | Local Programs | Eric Sevareid<br>In My Opinion<br>The Chicagoans<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Mary Osborn Trio<br>H. V. Kaltenborn | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Alvin Helfer<br>Henry J. Taylor<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>The Lone Ranger | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:55 | Cavalcade of America<br>Voice of Firestone | The Falcon<br>Charlie Chan<br>Billy Rose | Point Sublime<br>Sound Off | Inner Sanctum<br>Talent Scouts |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Telephone Hour<br>Dr. I. Q. | Gabriel Heatter<br>Radio Newsreel<br>Quiet Please | On Stage America<br>Sammy Kaye | Lux Radio Theater |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Contented Program<br>Fred Waring | Fishing and Hunting Club<br>Dance Orch. | Arthur Gaeth<br>Earl Godwin | My Friend Irma<br>Screen Guild Players |



**RUSS EMERY** started his singing career after graduating from high school in Pawtucket, R. I. He enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps and saw active service at Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, Guam and the Marianas. After the war he sang with Dick Stabile's orchestra. He's now heard on Here's To You, Sundays, 5:15 P.M., EDT.

## TUESDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers |
| 8:45 | News | | | Jack Almand Trio |
| 9:00 | Honeymoon in N. Y. | Editor's Diary | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America |
| 9:15 | | Ozark Valley Folks | | Oklahoma Roundup |
| 9:30 | Clevelandaires | | | |
| 9:45 | Nelson Olmsted | | | |
| 10:00 | Fred Waring | Cecil Brown | My True Story | Music For You |
| 10:15 | | Faith in Our Time | | |
| 10:30 | Road of Life | Say It With Music | Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air | Evelyn Winters |
| 10:45 | Joyce Jordan | | Club Time | David Harum |
| 11:00 | This is Nora Drake | Bill Harrington | Bkfst in H'wood | Arthur Godfrey |
| 11:15 | Kate's Daughter | Tell Your Neighbor | | |
| 11:30 | Jack Berch | Heart's Desire | Galen Drake | Grand Slam |
| 11:45 | Lora Lawton | | Ted Malone | Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00 | | Kate Smith Speaks | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren |
| 12:15 | Harkness of Washington | Victor H. Lindlahr | | Aunt Jenny |
| 12:30 | Words and Music | Service Band | | Helen Trent |
| 12:45 | | | | Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00 | Art Van Damme | Cedric Foster | Baukhage | Big Sister |
| 1:15 | Quartet | Happy Gang | Nancy Craig | Ma Perkins |
| 1:30 | Robert McCormick | | | Young Dr. Malone |
| 1:45 | Robert Ripley | Checkerboard Jamboree | | The Guiding Light |
| 2:00 | Today's Children | Queen For A Day | Maggi McNellis | Second Mrs. Burton |
| 2:15 | Woman in White | | | Perry Mason |
| 2:30 | Story of Holly Sloan | Martin Block Show | Bride and Groom | This Is Nora Drake |
| 2:45 | Light of the World | | | Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | | Ladies Be Seated | Double or Nothing |
| 3:15 | Ma Perkins | | | |
| 3:30 | Pepper Young | Red Hook 31 | Paul Whiteman Club | House Party |
| 3:45 | Right to Happiness | | | |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Robert Hurleigh | | Hint Hunt |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | Johnson Family | | |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | Misc. Programs | Treasury Band Show | Winner Take All |
| 4:45 | Young Widder Brown | Harold Turner | | |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries | Adventure Parade | Dick Tracy | Tales of Adventure |
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | Superman | Terry and Pirates | |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | Capt. Midnight | Jack Armstrong | Treasury Bandstand |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell | Tom Mix | | Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00 | John MacVane | | | Eric Sevareid |
| 6:15 | Sketches in Melody | | | Frontiers of Science |
| 6:30 | | Local Programs | | The Chicagoans |
| 6:45 | Sunoco News | | | Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Fulton Lewis, Jr. | Headline Edition | Beulah |
| 7:15 | News of the World | Alvin Helfer | Elmer Davis | Jack Smith |
| 7:30 | Lennie Herman Quintet | Newscope | Green Hornet Drama | Bob Crosby Show |
| 7:45 | H. V. Kaltenborn | Inside of Sports | | Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | Dinah Shore, Harry James and Johnny Mercer | Mysterious Traveler | Youth Asks the Government | Big Town |
| 8:15 | | | Edwin D. Cantham | |
| 8:30 | A Date With Judy | Official Detective | America's Town Meeting of the Air | Mr. and Mrs. North |
| 8:55 | | Billy Rose | | |
| 9:00 | Amos 'n' Andy | Gabriel Heatter | | We, The People |
| 9:15 | | Radio Newsreel | Boston Pops Orch. | |
| 9:30 | Fibber McGee and | Zane Grey | | Christopher Wells |
| 9:45 | Molly | | | |
| 10:00 | Bob Hope | | Let Freedom Ring | Studio One |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | Red Skelton | Dance Orchestra | It's In The Family | |

## WEDNESDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers |
| 8:45 | | | | Jack Almand Trio |
| 9:00 | Honeymoon in N. Y. | Editor's Diary | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America |
| 9:15 | | Ozark Valley Folks | | Oklahoma Roundup |
| 9:30 | Clevelandaires | | | |
| 9:45 | Nelson Olmsted | | | |
| 10:00 | Fred Waring | Cecil Brown | My True Story | Music For You |
| 10:15 | | Faith In Our Time | | |
| 10:30 | Road of Life | Say It With Music | Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air | Evelyn Winters |
| 10:45 | Joyce Jordan | | Listening Post | David Harum |
| 11:00 | This Is Nora Drake | Bill Harrington | Bkfst in H'wood | Arthur Godfrey |
| 11:15 | Kate's Daughter | Tell Your Neighbor | | |
| 11:30 | Jack Berch | Heart's Desire | Galen Drake | Grand Slam |
| 11:45 | Lora Lawton | | Ted Malone | Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00 | | Kate Smith Speaks | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren |
| 12:15 | Harkness of Washington | Victor H. Lindlahr | | Aunt Jenny |
| 12:30 | Words and Music | U. S. Marine Band | | Helen Trent |
| 12:45 | | | | Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00 | NBC Concert Orch. | Cedric Foster | Bill Baukhage | Big Sister |
| 1:15 | | Happy Gang | Nancy Craig | Ma Perkins |
| 1:30 | Robert McCormick | | | Young Dr. Malone |
| 1:45 | Robert Ripley | Checkerboard Jamboree | | The Guiding Light |
| 2:00 | Today's Children | Queen For A Day | Maggi McNellis | Second Mrs. Burton |
| 2:15 | Woman in White | | | Perry Mason |
| 2:30 | Story of Holly Sloan | The Martin Block Show | Bride and Groom | This Is Nora Drake |
| 2:45 | Light of the World | | | Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | | Ladies Be Seated | Double Or Nothing |
| 3:15 | Ma Perkins | | | |
| 3:30 | Pepper Young | Red Hook 31 | Paul Whiteman Club | House Party |
| 3:45 | Right to Happiness | | | |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Robert Hurleigh | | Hint Hunt |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | The Johnson Family | | |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | | Treasury Band Show | Winner Take All |
| 4:45 | Young Widder Brown | Harold Turner | | |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries | Adventure Parade | Dick Tracy | March of Science |
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | Superman | Terry and Pirates | |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | Captain Midnight | Jack Armstrong | Treasury Bandstand |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell | Tom Mix | | Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00 | John MacVane | | | Eric Sevareid |
| 6:15 | Sketches in Melody | | | Talks |
| 6:30 | | Local Programs | | The Chicagoans |
| 6:45 | Sunoco News | | | Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Fulton Lewis, Jr. | Headline Edition | Beulah |
| 7:15 | News of the World | Alvin Helfer | Elmer Davis | Jack Smith |
| 7:30 | Adrian Rollini Trio | Arthur Gaeth | Lone Ranger | Bob Crosby Show |
| 7:45 | H. V. Kaltenborn | Inside of Sports | | Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | Dennis Day | Encore Theater | Mayor of The Town | American Melody Hour |
| 8:15 | | | | |
| 8:30 | | High Adventure | Vox Pop | Dr. Christian |
| 8:55 | | Billy Rose | | |
| 9:00 | Duffy's Tavern | Gabriel Heatter | Abbott and Costello | Mark Warnow |
| 9:15 | | Radio Newsreel | | |
| 9:30 | Mr. District Attorney | Racket Smashers | Go For the House | Harvest of Stars with James Melton |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | The Big Story | Opinion-Aire | Comedy Writers Show | The Whistler |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | Jimmy Durante | California Melodies | Gordon MacRae | Open Hearing |



**EILEEN PALMER** portrays Frances Brent on Road of Life. NBC, weekday mornings at 10:30, EDT. She won her first radio audition by being the only contestant with an uncultivated voice. Eileen has become well-known in radio for her "hard woman" characterizations and has worked up a large following of fan mail writers—most of whom request that she be dropped from the program's cast immediately.

## THURSDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Jack Almand Trio |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in N. Y.<br><br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | Editor's Diary<br>Ozark Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br><br>Road of Life<br><br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith in Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br><br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>Dorothy Kilgallen | Music for You<br><br>Evelyn Winters<br><br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This Is Nora Drake<br>Katie's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Bill Harrington<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Bkfst in H'wood<br><br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br><br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | <br>Harkness of Washington<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br><br>U. S. Service Band | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br><br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | Art Van Damme<br>Quartet<br>Robert McCormick<br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Happy Gang<br><br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Bill Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen for a Day<br><br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br><br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>This Is Nora Drake<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | <br><br>Red Hook 31 | Ladies Be Seated<br><br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br><br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Robert Hurleigh<br>Johnson Family<br><br>Harold Turner | <br><br>Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br><br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When a Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Adventure Parade<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Gateways to Music<br><br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | <br>Sketches in Melody<br><br>Sunoco News | Local Program | Local Programs | Eric Sevareid<br>Of Men and Books<br>The Chicagoans<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Lawrence Welk | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Alvin Helfer<br>Newscope<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>Henry Morgan Show | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:55 | Aldrich Family<br><br>Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen | Revere Revue<br>Background For Stardom<br>Talent Hunt<br>Billy Rose | Front Page<br><br>Ellery Queen | The F.B.I. in Peace and War<br><br>Mr. Keen |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Al Jolson<br><br>Jack Carson and Eve Arden | Gabriel Heatter<br>Radio Newsreel<br>RFD America | Willie Piper<br><br>Candid Microphone | Dick Haymes<br><br>Crime Photographer |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Bob Hawk Show<br><br>Eddie Cantor | Family Theatre | Child's World | Reader's Digest Radio Edition<br>The First Nighter |



**ROBERT SHAW**—left Pomona College, California, in 1938 to direct the Fred Waring Glee Club and remained with Waring until 1945. During that period, he also directed a choral group for Billy Rose's Aquacade at the New York World's Fair in 1939 and 1940. He is choral director for RCA-Victor and for the Juilliard School of Music in New York. Listen to his superb Robert Shaw Chorale (30 voices) on Sundays at 8:00 P.M., EDT, on NBC.



**ARLENE FRANCIS**—was reared in a stimulating family environment—her father is the well-known portrait photographer Aram Kazanjian, and her uncle is a Harvard professor. Arlene was m.c. on Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra for 39 weeks. She was the first woman ever permitted to announce the name of the network at the station break. She's on the air with Ben Grauer, Sundays at 9:00 P.M., EDT, on ABC.

## FRIDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Jack Almand Trio |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in N. Y.<br><br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | Editor's Diary<br>Ozark Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br><br>Road of Life<br><br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith in Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br><br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>The Listening Post | Music for You<br><br>Evelyn Winters<br><br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This Is Nora Drake<br>Katie's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Bill Harrington<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Bkfst in H'wood<br><br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br><br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | <br>Harkness of Washington<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br><br>Campus Salute | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br><br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | U. S. Marine Band<br><br>Robert McCormick<br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Happy Gang<br><br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Bill Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen for a Day<br><br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br><br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>This is Nora Drake<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | <br><br>Red Hook 31 | Ladies Be Seated<br><br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br><br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Robert Hurleigh<br>Johnson Family<br><br>Harold Turner | <br><br>Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br><br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When a Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Adventure Parade<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Opinion Please<br><br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | News<br>Sketches in Melody<br><br>Sunoco News | Local Programs | | Eric Sevareid<br>Report from the United Nations<br>Songs By Jean McKenna<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Mary Osborne Trio<br>H. V. Kaltenborn | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Alvin Helfer<br>Henry J. Taylor<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>Lone Ranger | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:55 | Highways in Melody<br><br>Can You Top This | Burl Ives<br>Alan Dale Show<br>Leave It to the Girls<br>Billy Rose | The Fat Man<br><br>This Is Your FBI | Mr. Ace and Jane<br><br>Danny Thomas |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | People Are Funny<br><br>Waltz Time | Gabriel Heatter<br>Radio Newsreel<br>Information Please | Break the Bank<br><br>The Sheriff | Morgan, Ameche, Langford<br>Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Mystery Theater<br><br>Sports | Meet the Press<br><br>Tex Beneke | Boxing Bouts | Dinah Shore- Harry James Show<br>Spotlight Revue |

## SATURDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:00 | Story Shop | | Shoppers Special | CBS News of America |
| 9:15 | | | | Songs for You |
| 9:30 | Mind Your Manners | Robert Hurleigh | | |
| 9:45 | | Practical Gardner | | Barnyard Follies |
| 10:00 | Frank Merriwell | Dixie Four Quartet | | The Garden Gate |
| 10:15 | | | | Washington Wives |
| 10:30 | Archie Andrews | Ozark Valley Folks | Hollywood Headlines | Mary Lee Taylor |
| 10:45 | | | Saturday Strings | |
| 11:00 | Meet the Meeks | Movie Matinee | Abbott and Costello | Let's Pretend |
| 11:15 | | | | |
| 11:30 | Smilin' Ed McConnell | Teen Timer's Club | Land of the Lost | Junior Miss |
| 11:45 | | | | |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00 | Arthur Barriault | Misc. Programs | Junior Junction | Theatre of Today |
| 12:15 | Public Affairs | This Week in Washington | | |
| 12:30 | Coffee With Congress | Pro Arte Quartet | American Farmer | Stars Over Hollywood |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 | Nat'l Farm Home | Luncheon at Sardi's | Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon | Grand Central Sta. |
| 1:15 | | | | |
| 1:30 | Edmond Tomlinson | Symphonies for | Speaking of Songs | County Fair |
| 1:45 | Report From Europe | Youth | | |
| 2:00 | Music For The | | Fascinating Rhythm | Give and Take |
| 2:15 | Moment | | | |
| 2:30 | Salute to Veterans | | Hitching Post Variety | Country Journal |
| 2:45 | | | | |
| 3:00 | Orchestras of the | Hospitality Club | Piano Playhouse | Report from Overseas |
| 3:15 | Nation | | | Adventures in Science |
| 3:30 | | Sports Parade | ABC Symphony | Cross-Section U.S.A. |
| 3:45 | | | Orch. | |
| 4:00 | Doctors Today | Horse Race | | Sports Broadcasts |
| 4:15 | | Charles Slocum | | |
| 4:30 | First Piano Quartet | | Sports in Review | Make Way For |
| 4:45 | | First Church of Christ Science | | Youth |
| 5:00 | Swanee River Boys | Lone Wolf | Treasury Band Show | |
| 5:15 | Three Suns Trio | | | |
| 5:30 | Dr. I. Q. Jr. | True or False | Melodies to Remember | Local Programs |
| 5:45 | King Cole Trio | | Dorothy Guldheim | |

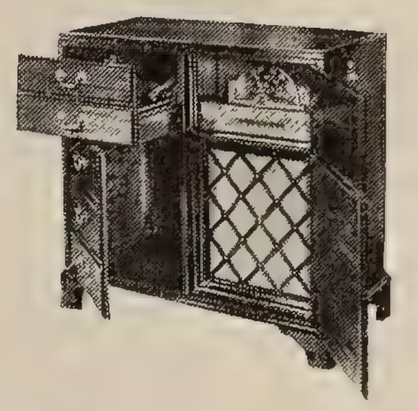
## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00 | Peter Roberts | Dance Orchestra | Vagabonds' Quartet | News from Washington |
| 6:15 | Religion in the News | | Bible Messages | In My Opinion |
| 6:30 | NBC Symphony | | Harry Wismer | Red Barber Sports Show |
| 6:45 | | | Jack Beall | Larry Lesueur |
| 7:00 | | Hawaii Calls | Quisdom Class | Mr. Ace and Jane |
| 7:15 | | | | |
| 7:30 | Curtain Time | Newscope | Challenge of the | Abe Burrows |
| 7:45 | | Twin Views of the News | Yukon | Hoagy Carmichael |
| 8:00 | Life of Riley | Twenty Questions | Ross Dolan, Detective | Robert Montgomery. Suspense |
| 8:15 | | | | |
| 8:30 | Truth or Consequences | Stop Me If You've Heard This One | Famous Jury Trials | |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Your Hit Parade | Keeping Up With the Kids | Gangbusters | Joan Davis Time |
| 9:15 | | | | |
| 9:30 | Judy Canova Show | What's the Name of That Song | The Amazing Mr. Malone | Vaughn Monroe |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | Kay Kyser | Theater of the Air | Professor Quiz | Saturday Night Serenade |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | Grand Ole Opry | | Hayloft Hoedown | It Pays To Be Ignorant |



**ROBERT Q. LEWIS**—brightens afternoon listening five days a week with spontaneous humor and variety on CBS at 5:00 P.M, EDT. Bob's greatest source of humorous situations and gags is newspapers. His philosophy—"if you aren't versed in a subject, say so . . . you'll get along better that way, especially during radio interviews" His hobby is collecting Indian totem poles He has 24 so far.


# It's Here!

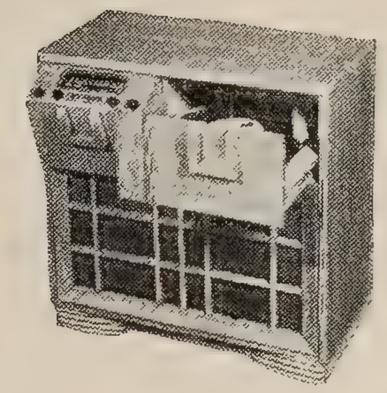


The Sparton 1003 radio-phonograph combination.

Finding a radio-phonograph combination to go into an Early American room is a bit of a problem unless you've already seen Sparton's Early American chest in mahogany veneer. Opening the doors of the Sparton Model 1003, you'll find an AM-FM radio, an automatic record player and twin matched speakers. There's also ample storage space for record albums.

Again the Sparton 1003, being Early American.





All-purpose Recordio Towne: about $400.

Making your own records, either of your favorite radio program or your own voice, can be a fascinating hobby. A home recorder that is also combined with a record player, an AM-FM radio and a beautiful bleached mahogany cabinet, is the Recordio Towne. This set records on discs and features push button selection of program or recorder.

If you've been building your record collection at a fast pace, try the Peerless Visible Index Album. The titles of the records in the album are written or typed on a ruled strip so that the contents can be seen at a glance. The index is under cellophane and can be easily removed. An extra ruled strip is supplied with every album. 10-inch album is $2.00, 12-inch, $2.20. Each holds 12 records.



The Peerless Visible Index Album tells all.




A Sentinel Midget, for that important extra.

A modestly priced small radio that is perfect for that "extra set" use in bedroom, guest room or kitchen, is the Sentinel model 314-E. This midget is actually an AC-DC superheterodyne set with a built-in aerial. It contains a 5-inch speaker and comes in a streamlined ebony bakelite cabinet. It's quite low priced, which makes it even better.

# Is Lou Costello on the Level?

(*Continued from page 39*)

the kids," executive director Felix Gomez told me. "His temperament is just suited for them. He seems to have as good a time as they when he is with them. He gets out on the field and plays ball with them, goes on the merry-go-round with them, pushes them in the swings, holds them in his arms, rubs noses with them. The truth is that they never regard him as their benefactor. They look on him more as a good-natured, playful big brother."

The letterhead of the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation boasts mighty impressive nomenclature — Costello is there as president, and his sidekick, Bud Abbott right behind as secretary-treasurer. Judge Samuel R. Blake, who presided for many years over the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, is listed as vice-president; Judge William B. McKesson, a member of the California Youth Authority and another former Juvenile Court jurist, is down as second vice-president.

Judges, police officials, educators, religious leaders, public office holders and important civic figures are on the roster as directors and advisory board members.

In spite of the attacks on Costello, they've all remained. The rumors have failed to produce one resignation from the ranks!

Two pertinent questions should be asked: How did Lou Costello get into this? What has he gotten out of it?

Costello did not conceive of the Youth Foundation, as is commonly supposed, out of grief for his son, Lou Costello, Jr., who drowned at the age of one in October 1943 in the family swimming pool in San Fernando Valley. The idea had been born before the tragedy—in a bed of pain.

In March of 1943, Lou Costello was a very sick man. Rheumatic fever confined him to bed. Hundreds of letters from young fans, many suffering the same ailment, piled up. When the acute pain abated somewhat, Lou read the mail from the kids. He confessed to Bud Abbott the straight man of the comedy team, how deeply he had been touched. He wanted to show his appreciation. Why not open a lavish community recreation center for kids?

Seven months later—in October—Lou was able to get out of bed for the first time since he had been stricken. Throughout his convalescence, he had broadened plans for a youth center. The day the barrel-bodied laugh-maker left his bed was the day that his son drowned.

Many in their despair would have forsaken the youth project. Costello was more determined than ever. Abbott tried to comfort his partner. He suggested naming the projected foundation after Lou Costello Junior.

"It would be a living memorial to the boy," Bud said.

That's how Costello got into youth work. That's how the institution got its name.

What has he gotten out of it?

Many things. Fun, without doubt. For it is no hardship for Costello to be among kids. He loves them. Satisfaction, plenty of it. What man wouldn't surge with pride to see a grand scheme conceived in illness grow into a pulsing reality covering three city acres? Bills, loads of them. Ask the men who keep the books. Problems, too, by the dozens.

And publicity, to be sure. Without publicity no such endeavor could hope to carry on effectively. The foundation thrives on publicity, and since it carries Lou's name there is no way short of mock modesty that he can avoid sharing in it.

Six months after the vast recreation and character building center opened its doors, the Los Angeles Police Department announced a 17 per cent decrease in juvenile delinquency for the area served by the foundation.

In Hollywood recently, a national charity in no way connected with the youth foundation, held a meeting among figures prominent in the film city and called for pledges. A renowned entertainer jumped out of his seat and yelled, "I will raise a million dollars for the fund."

"I don't want to know what you're going to raise," the chairman said. "I want to know what you're going to give."

Lou Costello measures up to that blunt yardstick. He and Bud Abbott have done more than barnstorm the country raising funds for the youth foundation. They have contributed funds. Gotten them up out of their own pockets.

Seventy-five per cent of the $350,000 that erected the main building, swimming pool and playing fields of the foundation came from Abbott and Costello's own purses.

They rolled up their sleeves and laid down their greenbacks. They scoured vast Los Angeles from one end to the other for months before they found a suitable site in the teeming Hollenbeck-Boyle Heights section, sore spot of the city's substandard east side. There was where the need and the challenge were greatest. There poverty and minority identity were sending hundreds of children daily into the lists of the delinquent. There property owners were suffering the greatest damage from vandalism. There heartbroken parents were suffering greatest damage from wayward offspring.

There the cry of anguish was heard louder than anywhere else in the City of Angels. Crime and accident were taking an enormous daily toll among the young. Amidst taut group tensions, in common poverty and squalor, eighteen nationalities lived side by side, among them youngsters of Mexican, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Negro, Spanish, Russian, English, Italian, Armenian and English origin.

If the public, accustomed to hit-and-run philanthropists who snip a tape at a widely hailed dedication or dig up a shovel full of dirt at a cornerstone planting while newsreel cameras grind, is given to skepticism, it cannot be blamed.

Costello was no fair weather benefactor. He came to dedicate, true, but he remained to sweat and serve and subsidize. Keeping the foundation going for the past two years has kept Costello one step ahead of the sheriff. To meet the obligations he assumed, he has had to take on such an intensive work schedule that his doctors refuse to be responsible for the consequences.

Not only does Costello believe in the work of the foundation. He lives it, breathes it, and, no doubt, dreams it.

It is out of Costello's own thinking that the foundation inscribed for all to see its democratic purpose:

"All who come here have been created equal, and will be given equal privileges regardless of race, color or creed."

Nor is this an empty statement of philosophy. No more polyglot group lives so harmoniously under one roof anywhere. The institution is run strictly along lines of democratic self-government. The children enact and enforce their own rules. They run the foundation like a little city. They hold elections for posts on the junior board of directors, for mayor, common council, prosecuting attorney, city judge, business manager and treasurer.

For many months the foundation's future was in doubt. Costello's funds had run low. Financial support from the general public had been disappointing. Aware of the comedian's plight, several well known organized charities offered repeatedly to take over the financial obligations of the foundation. Representatives of these groups pleaded with Costello that it was too much of a burden for him to bear by himself. They assured him that the operation, name and principles of the foundation would not be changed.

Here was an easy, honorable way out for Costello, but he rejected it flatly.

His business manager and friends tried to persuade him to reconsider. Costello blew his top. "You can all quit anytime you like," (*Cont'd on page 76*)

***How Does a Wife Feel When She Sees Her Husband Leap to His Death?***

Hear Lorraine Rhodes' Dramatic Story on the June 15th Broadcast of

**"WE THE PEOPLE"**

*The program of true experiences of real people*

**9:00 p.m. EDST CBS**

Read the whole, heart-stopping **"I WATCHED MY HUSBAND DIE"** in July **TRUE EXPERIENCE** Magazine, now on sale.



## *Enchanting as the promise in her face*

Nancy du Pont's captivating face *promises you instantly* that you will like her. Wherever she goes its shining, young loveliness makes friends for her.

*Your* face is your promise of what you really are—the outer token of your *inner-self*. But, it cannot keep its promises without help from you.

Immaculate *cream-cleansing* is the first help your face expects you to give it. You'll find this is delightfully easy with Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. It gives far more than just a surface cleansing. It stirs your whole face awake—gives skin a limpid, rosy look, exquisitely soft.

*Try it, won't you? Tonight!*

*Her lovely face speaks joyously for this charming young daughter of Wilmington's first family*

# *Miss Nancy du Pont*

## *"Your skin looks wonderful after this 'Outside-Inside' face treatment"— she says*

The *Inner You* shining through is what makes your face something special and distinctive. But—never belittle the way a truly *lovely skin* sends this face of yours to meet the world with glowing charm and a happy confidence.

### A New Face Treatment

Like a window your skin has two sides—and caring for one only is not enough. Pond's—from the constant study of the needs of facial skin—now brings you this stimulating "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that *acts on both sides of your skin at once.*

***From the Outside***—Pond's Cold Cream is the tool you use. It wraps softly around dirt, dry skin particles as you massage—sweeps them *cleanly* away as you tissue off.

***From the Inside***—this treatment stimulates skin circulation in every step. Tiny blood vessels quicken to greater activity.

*At bedtime always* (and for day face-cleansings, too)—give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—like this:

***Hot Stimulation***

Press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

***Two Creamings—to "condition" skin***

1) *Cleanse* . . . Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off *well.*

2) *Rinse* . . . With more Pond's massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt, smooth the day's tired lines. Tissue off.

***Cold Stimulation***

A tonic splash of cold water.

Now . . . see the new look in your face! Sparkling cleanness! Velvet softness! Cheeks sweet and pink! You'll never want to skip *this* face treatment—*because it really works!*




*More women use Pond's than any other face cream*

### Remember . . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

***It is not just vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you look lovely, you gain in confidence, glowing charm. Everyone you meet responds—warmly. The true inner YOU is brought closer to others.***

R M

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

**At the first blush of womanhood** many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

**There is nothing "wrong"** with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

**Two dangers**—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

**All deodorants are not alike**—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

**Intimate protection is needed**—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

**Don't be half-safe.** During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

*(Advertisement)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

(*Continued from page* 74) he roared, "but I'm not quitting. I started this thing and I'm going to see it through if it costs me my last cent."

Nobody quit.

A dream of four years—a radio program fighting juvenile delinquency by glorifying democracy and good citizenship—was realized in December, '47 when ABC donated a coast-to-coast half hour every Saturday morning for The Abbott and Costello Kid Show.

Format of this program was worked out by Lou and his bulky, good natured kid-show producer and writer, Ed Forman, four years earlier when a cigarette company was sponsoring The Abbott and Costello Show. While the comedians were playing an Army camp in Tucson, Arizona, Lou and Forman developed the details.

Costello couldn't wait to get going. But the sponsor vetoed the package. The company did not want to court public wrath by permitting a children's program to be associated with cigarettes.

When Abbott and Costello moved over to ABC in 1947 on a cooperatively sponsored transcontinental half hour show Wednesday evenings, Costello revived the kid show idea.

Costello, Forman and ABC West Coast officials, J. Donald Wilson and Bud Edwards, met at Costello's Hollywood home. The ABC emissaries snapped up the project as a public service.

Lou came to the studios early and remained late so that he could spend more time with the children. He walked up and down the aisles, scooping infants into his arms, playing with the kids, joking with them and conversing with them, beaming all the time with unashamed pleasure. He did these things, mind you, when there was not a reporter or cameraman within miles of the studio.

Several months after the kid show made its debut, a candy company considered sponsoring the program. Abbott and Costello recorded a sample commercial for the prospective client.

Costello stepped to the footlights.

"Folks," he said, "I want you to know that if this show gets a sponsor, Abbott and I will turn over our entire share to the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation."

That was not a grandstand play. It is a standing offer.

Up to now the candy deal has not materialized. There have been other bids by sponsors, but Lou has turned them down because they have demanded changes in the format. Lou will not sell the show unless he gets contractual assurance that the two spots of particular interest to children remain intact.

These are the "Bubble or Nothing" quiz and the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation weekly award for good citizenship and heroism.

To raise sorely needed funds for the foundation, and to extend its work to other cities throughout the country, the kid show launched a super-giveaway contest in February. A live baby elephant, a four-seater airplane, an automobile, a house trailer and a mink coat were among the avalanche of prizes exceeding $30,000 in value which were dangled to encourage letters, with or without donations, beginning with the sentence, "I want to help fight juvenile delinquency because. . . ."

Ed Forman was excited over the contest's fund-raising potentialities. Costello was loath to rely too much upon it.

"You'll be surprised," Forman told Costello, "at how many letters there will be with contributions of $25 and over."

Costello bit at the end of his cigar.

"I'll tell you what, Ed," he said. "You show me any contribution for $25 or more, and I'll match it."

I checked with Forman to learn if Costello had taken his promise seriously.

"As a matter of fact," Forman enlightened me, "I had forgotten about it, and Lou reminded me. He has equalled every donation of $25 or more."

Costello could live comfortably on income from testimonials and recordings alone if he did not channel these funds to the foundation.

To quote a contemporary from the public prints:

"Lou Costello . . . is running a Youth Foundation in this town that is doing wonders for underprivileged kids. Lou is not running this joint for publicity. It has cost him a young fortune. As a matter of fact, the expenses are so tremendous at the moment that he cannot pack the load alone and the place is in the process of folding. If that happened it would be a disgrace to the citizens of this community."

It hasn't happened, and will not happen, and the community is not in disgrace. But what is possibly more significant is that these are words from the typewriter of the same columnist who turned on Lou a month later.

Is Lou Costello on the level? What do you think?

*everybody's listening to . . .*

*and raving about* **hollywood headlines**

*radio's newest, brightest, newsiest Hollywood program!*

*every Saturday morning*

with Adele Fletcher—Editor of Photoplay, reviewing the new pictures and trends; Les Tremayne—telling the Photoplay story-of-the-week; Cal York—Photoplay's Hollywood Reporter—with his famous flashes, tips, and rumors of the stars.

It's an unbeatable combination of drama, comedy, and flash news, all wrapped up by the editors of Photoplay, America's leading motion picture magazine.

If you go to the movies—you'll like HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

*10:30 e.d.s.t. . . . in other zones see your paper for time and station. . . .* ABC stations

Read the stories behind the Hollywood Headlines, in Photoplay—America's favorite screen magazine

# "You're beautiful!"



ESTHER WILLIAMS is beautiful indeed as she plays opposite PETER LAWFORD
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU"

## "I'm a Lux Girl"

### says ESTHER WILLIAMS




Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time.

Esther Williams finds beauty facials with Lux Toilet Soap really *work!* She smooths the creamy lather in *thoroughly*, rinses and then pats with a soft towel to dry. Don't let neglect cheat you of romance! Try the gentle care screen stars use.



**YOU** want the kind of skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. For a softer, smoother complexion, try the fragrant white beauty soap lovely screen stars recommend. Lux Girls win romance!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—** *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

# Bride and Groom

(*Continued from page 51*)

chosen as a candidate is only the first of many steps. After that comes a series of meetings before the committee from the Tournament of Roses. As the meetings progress, the number of candidates grows less and less, until finally only twenty of the most charming and most intelligent girls are left.

Then comes the final elimination—for only seven of the final twenty can be chosen for the royal court, six as princesses and one for the coveted role of queen. The odds were high, but Norma's beauty made the judges' final decision almost a certainty—and it was she who was escorted to the Rose Queen's throne at the Coronation Ceremony, a few days before the world-famous parade of the Tournament of Roses.

Those were busy days for Queen Norma—ruling at the Coronation Ball and other tournament ceremonies, being guest of honor at social and civic functions, riding on the Tournament of Roses float in the long and colorful parade.

WHEN a queen is young and beautiful, there is no lack of suitors—and Norma—accompanied by her appointed chaperone, Mrs. Maude Prickett—was soon being squired by the town's most eligible young men. After all, what man wouldn't like to be seen with a girl who was the center of all attention, and whose lovely face seen in newsreels was evoking admiring "ohs" and "ahs"?

There was one young Pasadena man, however, who wasn't competing for the honor of escorting Queen Norma, even though he could have quite easily arranged an introduction. He was Donald Winton, a young sculptor who was under commission by the Tournament of Roses to make a "portrait in clay" of the queen at each annual affair.

"I didn't dislike queens," explained Donald, "but I'd worked with girls who had been chosen for similar honors at other events, and—well, sometimes it changes them. You know, they take the role of 'Her Highness' too seriously, and sort of begin to think of the rest of us as peasants."

That was in Donald's mind the day he went to Norma's home to keep the appointment that had been arranged by the tournament officials. She'd be young and beautiful, yes, which meant it would be easy for his talented fingers to mold an attractive head; but there was a good chance that she'd also be hopelessly spoiled, perhaps temperamental, or even unpleasantly conceited.

Answering the door, Norma was also doing some thinking. The tournament official had said someone would call to "do her portrait"—probably an elderly artist, loaded down with easel and brushes and paints and temperament.

But when the door opened there was no elderly artist, no sign of paints or brushes or easel. Instead, there was a tall and handsome young man, a strange-looking crock tucked carelessly under one arm. Wait a minute—not one young man but two . . . and so identical that for a moment Norma wondered if the hectic activities as queen had affected her eyes.

The young man introduced himself, "I'm Donald Winton, and this is my brother, Ross." *Twin* brother, it was obvious, thought Norma as she invited them inside.

Remembering that first meeting, Don says, "From the moment she greeted us, I knew that here was no spoiled or conceited girl, but a young lady who was as lovely a person as she was charming and beautiful."

Don explained that the "portrait" was to be in clay, and solved the mystery of the crock by opening it and taking out a huge lump of clay with which he was to model Norma's head. He seemed strangely silent as he went about molding the first outlines. Not his twin brother, though. Ross was frankly admiring as he watched Norma turn her head this way and that at Don's directions.

"We kid a lot," he said to Don, "but if you can capture even one-hundredth of that beauty in a mass of clay, I'll personally nominate you as the world's finest artist!"

Afternoon shadows caused Don to end the first sitting, but he made arrangements to return the following day. "And I'll be with him," Ross assured Norma.

And he was with him, not only for the second sitting, but for the third, and fourth, and fifth. "It was fun having Ross there," says Norma. "Don was so completely concentrated on the sculptoring that all he ever said was, 'Hold it, please,' or 'Tilt your head to the left . . . hold it.' But Ross was a wonderful conversationalist, and before long he and I seemed like old friends. I kept noticing that Don would look at me strangely, but explained it to myself by saying he was interested in me only as a model."

"It might have been easier for my art—and my heart—if that had been true," laughed Don. "Instead, I was falling head over heels in love with her. Not only because she was undoubtedly the most beautiful girl I had ever known, but every minute with her proved that she was also the nicest."

FINALLY, the "portrait in clay" was done—done so excellently and with such feeling that expert judges pronounced it the finest ever done of a Tournament of Roses queen.

"I thought that would be the end of our acquaintance," said Norma, "but Don surprised me by asking if he could continue the sitting—he wanted to make a duplicate figure. I think that was the first hint I had that he was interested in me other than as a model for his work. And suddenly I realized something that I think I'd known all the time—it was Don, even as busy and silent as he had been, who had made me look forward to each day's sitting. Ross and I were wonderful friends—but somehow I knew that Don and I could be more than just friends. I tried to keep my voice casual as I told him I'd be glad to sit for another portrait in clay."

By this time Norma and the twin brothers were on a very friendly footing, and each afternoon usually ended with their driving down to one of the nearby beaches for a swim in the Pacific. Such a drive marked the day on which Don completed the second portrait in clay—a portrait even lovelier than the first. But there was a change from the usual routine—the twin brother, Ross, was not with them.

"Ross said he'd be busy this afternoon," explained Don, "but I thought maybe you'd accept me as a substitute."

There wasn't anything Norma could say to that, without revealing her feelings, so she turned their conversation into casual channels as they drove along through the late afternoon sunshine. Finally she asked, "Don, why did you want another figure? The Tournament commissioned you to do only one."

Don hesitated for a moment, then said quietly, "That second one wasn't for the Tournament. It was for me. You know the story of the artist who made a statue so beautiful that he fell in love with it . . ."

Norma held her breath—then she *hadn't* been imagining those things about Don! She waited for him to go on, to say what she wanted to hear him say—words that she knew she could repeat to him and mean with all her heart.

Instead, Don forced a little mirthless laugh, and said, "But don't worry—I know how it is with the three of us. So that second figure I made—I'm going to give it to the man who has the right to it. I'm going to give it to Ross."

FOR a moment they drove along in silence, then Norma said very gently, "Don, do you know why your brother isn't with us this afternoon?"

"No—he said something about another appointment and . . ."

"Yes," Norma interrupted him, with an odd little note of suppressed laughter in her voice. "An appointment with a very attractive young lady. The reason I know is that, for the past two weeks, he's been asking me to coach him in what to say to that young lady so that she'd be as partial to him as he is to her."

"You mean Ross and you aren't . . ." Brakes squealed as Don pulled the convertible to a quick stop, and his hand was tense on her arm as he cried, "But from the very first I thought you and Ross . . . why, the way you always talked together . . . and the fun you had."

"Of course we had fun, and of course we talked and laughed," Norma told him. "I like Ross very much, and he likes me. But we're pals, Don, not . . . not what you thought."

Norma laughs when she tells about that moment. "I tried to go on explaining to Don how it had been from the first. But he interrupted—interrupted me in a way that I'd wanted him to . . . by kissing me."

And when Norma and Don announced their engagement a few months later, it was Ross who said, "'I wonder if you two realize how perfect your love story really is. A beautiful 'queen' wooed and won by the artist who fell in love with the model he made of her. It's so nice a story, I think you ought to let others share it."

It was an extra-special day at our studio, the day that Norma became Don's bride. The beautiful broadcasting room at the Chapman Park hotel took on the look of a motion picture studio, for there were movie cameramen and television men recording the ceremony and the program. As one of them said to me, "You know, I can believe in things like love and living happily ever after when I see a bride like that. And the way those two kids look at each other—believe me, here's a guy who's wishing them all the happiness in the world."

# Covering the Conventions

(*Continued from page 37*)

alternates—more than a thousand in all—will sit on the main floor of the vast auditorium, grouped by states, each group with its own banner or placard.

The speakers' platform will be spacious because it has to hold a lot of people at one time or another. A small forest of microphones will stand before the rostrum. Overlooking the speakers' platform will be the glass-enclosed control booths of the networks and stations that will broadcast reports of the big show all over the country.

Each network will have its own staff under command of its news director. This year, CBS will have, I suppose, ten or a dozen correspondents working under Wells Church, our director of news. You will hear John Daly frequently; he is a veteran at covering national political conventions.

OUR Washington staff, headed by its chief correspondent, Eric Sevareid, will be at the convention in force, too. I do not know how many engineers and other technicians will be required, but the correspondents will be out-numbered several times over by the men who put and keep them on the air, and by secretaries, assistants, tabulators and special workers of many kinds. Also there will be men on the floor with mobile equipment to pick up direct comments from key people and to describe the demonstrations. Some of their reports will be relayed to the booth. Others will go directly on the air, according to the judgment of the news director.

All of the networks will have somewhat the same set-up, but each will operate in its own way.

The confusion and excitement will begin when the nominating speeches start. By tradition, the first mention of a candidate's name in the speech of nomination sets off a demonstration led by the delegates of his home state. They jump up, grab banners, blow horns and parade around the huge hall behind a blaring brass band. Delegates from other states join in. More demonstrators appear from side entrances. Spectators yell and applaud. Confetti rains down from the galleries. Everybody lets off steam.

Take these preliminary uproars with a grain of salt as part of the fun. Reporters will describe to you what is happening but they and the news analysts also will tell you whether it is the real thing or not.

Partly, these demonstrations are personal compliments to the candidates by their friends and backers. Partly they take place because the delegates and spectators have gotten tried of sitting.

Such a demonstration took place in the 1944 Republican convention when Governor (now Senator) Bricker was nominated. Everybody knew that he did not have a chance for the top place on the ticket. Governor Dewey had that sewed up. But Bricker is genial, likeable, warm-hearted, and the delegates gave him an uproarious personal send-off. Dewey got the top place on the ticket. Bricker got the vice presidential spot. But judging from the demonstration alone, it looked like the other way around.

Stranger things have happened just for fun. The "Will Rogers for President" movement started as a gag in the

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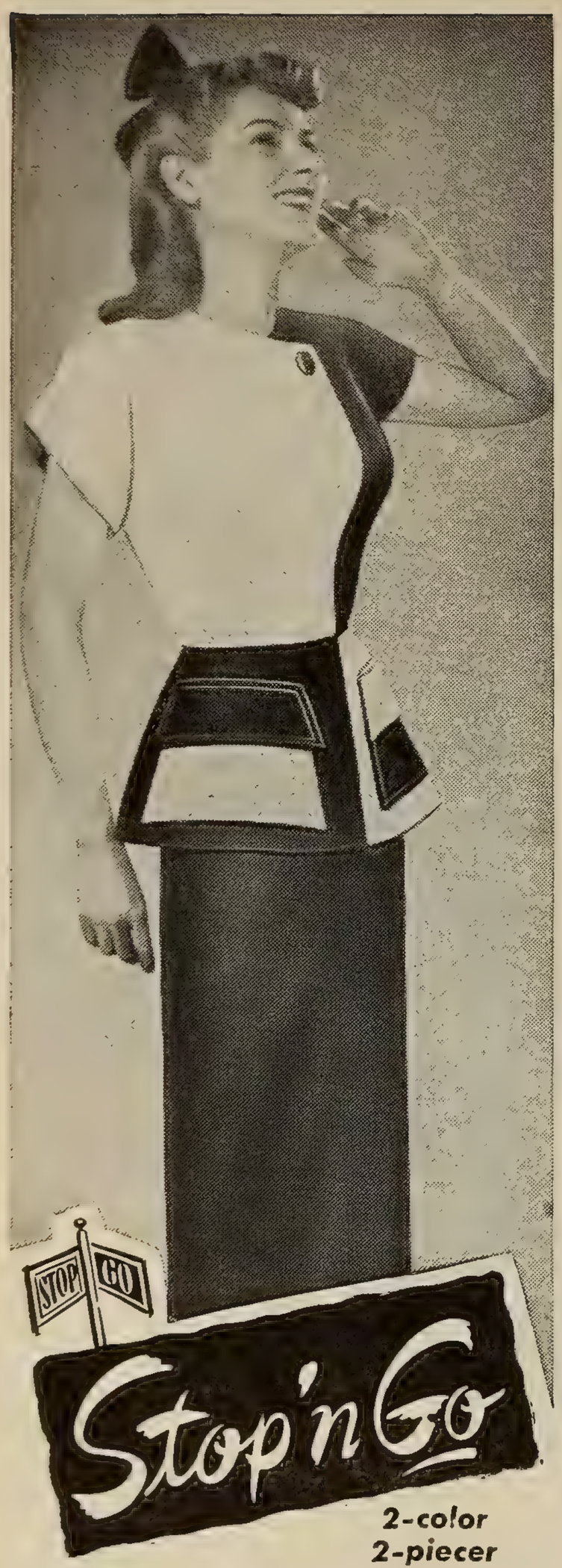
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1920s but it became almost serious by 1928 and the Bascom Timmons episode is famous. Timmons is a tall, raw-boned, likable reporter who was representing a string of Texas newspapers in 1944. He was extremely popular with his fellow reporters, particularly with men like John Daly who had worked with him in Washington. Toward the middle of the Democratic convention they decided that, since everyone else had a favorite son, the correspondents ought to have one, too. Timmons was chosen as the correspondents' candidate one evening when the reporters were resting in their hotel from the labors of the day. His "campaign" provided under-cover fun for several days with high flown "statements" from Timmons and hot news "bulletins" flying back and forth. Of course not for publication or broadcast. The joke reached its climax when, in the spirit of fun, Timmons was actually nominated for the vice-presidency by someone from the Texas delegation. He got a rousing reception, too. Of course his "campaign" ended with the demonstration, but his "backers" carried the thing to its logical conclusion and gave a party to soothe the hurt feelings of their rejected candidate.

THIS year, nomination by acclamation of someone who does not appear to be in the running at the moment could very well happen. William Jennings Bryan, one of several outsiders in 1896, swept the Democratic convention with his famous "Cross of Gold" speech. Even if it is true that the landslide for President Roosevelt at the 1936 Democratic convention started in the bowels of the convention hall ventilating system, his nomination by acclamation was genuine. The start of any demonstration can be contrived, but the delegates do not stampede easily or soon. They are hard-headed citizens when it comes to the voting. Your commentator will tell you which is a routine demonstration to let off steam, and which is the real thing.

This year you will hear many more voices on the air than you did in 1944. The outcome of both conventions appears more uncertain than four years ago, and many more news men are available to cover them.

When the conventions met in Chicago in 1944, the Normandy invasion had just begun, the bomb plot against Hitler had almost succeeded, news was popping in Washington and in the Pacific. The networks had their men spread all over the world.

Those of us who did go felt as if we had talked steadily for almost a week. We had to do our regular news shows and describe the surface and backgrounds of the conventions, too, with only a few hours' sleep in the early morning hours. It was a stimulating experience, but I was glad that neither convention lasted more than a week. The fun wears off and the delegates wear thin when a convention deadlocks and drags along for weeks as the Democratic convention did in 1924 when Senator McAdoo and Governor Al Smith were battling for the nomination and many delegates went broke living in New York and lobbying each other in night clubs.

This year, I shall be watching the reporters working on the floor with no little envy as they move about seeking statements from the leaders of various key states when the voting starts, because I had a brief experience of that kind in 1944. Before going into radio, I was the editor of *Living Age* and head of the editorial department of the book publishers, Simon and Shuster. I never was a reporter on a newspaper, and I started in radio as an analyst of world events. Perhaps that is why I can't help thinking that the reporters on the floor have all of the fun. Certainly my big moment at the 1944 convention came when I covered the Henry Wallace demonstration from the floor.

I was supposed to stay in our booth and ride the storm from there—the high-brow, double-dome news analyst. But it looked like more fun on the floor, so Paul White, our news director, let me go.

White has a fine sense of humor. It was he who was thoughtful enough to have eight bags of coal delivered to Ed Murrow's stateroom when Murrow was sailing to Newcastle, and I think he had the idea that he was playing a good joke on me when he said, "Okay." John Daly, more experienced in what could happen on the floor, offered to share his policeman with me—a friendly gesture because a gentleman is at a disadvantage when an excited lady grabs the microphone and won't let go.

Anyway, down I went with a forty-pound pack transmitter strapped to my back. Behind me walked an engineer carrying more equipment. I felt like an African explorer with his bearer.

All of us have heard many times that the conservative Democrats forced President Roosevelt to "scuttle" Wallace at that time. I was there, and I do not think that is true. I have no proof, but it is my conviction that Mr. Roosevelt already was thinking in terms of world peace when he did not again insist on Wallace as a running mate as he had in 1940. Roosevelt had been through the whole League of Nations tragedy with President Wilson after the first world war. He had seen a hostile Senate keep America out of the League of Nations and reject the Versailles Treaty. He knew that the war was ending, that he might not live through the establishment of the United Nations and the conclusion of the peace treaties. And he knew that the Senate did not like Wallace. I do not think that any party politics or city machine pressure could possibly have badgered Mr. Roosevelt into ditching Wallace as he certainly did. I think it much more likely that Roosevelt foresaw the many difficulties we would face in organizing the United Nations and making peace, and that he thought that the Senate would work better with Truman.

WHAT will happen in Wallace's Third Party campaign by the time the conventions open is anyone's guess right now, and it is even harder to say where he will fetch up in the fall because so much depends on the other candidates.

If General Eisenhower should run, that would almost certainly cost Wallace most of his present followers—and not Wallace only. The General looks like the only candidate for whom anything like a landslide could develop. But he seems to have taken himself out of the picture.

In any case, if you hear what appears to be a stampede for a popular native son, don't jump too rapidly to conclusions. It probably won't mean a thing beyond a healthy demonstration of our American freedom of expression, though the fact that our political conventions can combine serious purpose and ceremonious fun is pretty important in itself. As long as Americans can enjoy themselves nominating a presidential candidate, the health of our democracy remains sound.



Modess .... *because*





# The Wife in the Life of Dennis Day

(*Continued from page* 59)

Los Angeles but far from the gossip columns of radio and screen. One Sunday afternoon the McNultys and a couple of their boys called on the Almquists, and Peggy was there, home from the University of California—and the McNulty boy known as Dennis Day asked for a date right then and there.

None of this was in the script Hollywood's matchmakers had laid out for the very personable and eligible Dennis. The way Hollywood doped it, Dennis Day would fall eventually for one of its own career-and-glamor girls. But Dennis, a home boy, picked Peggy, a home girl, just as those who really knew the lad had always known he would. Peggy — blue-eyed, brown-haired, cream-skinned—is as pretty and wholesome as a May morning.

So that first date led to another, and finally to the date on which, some eight months ago, Dennis asked that question and got his "Yes."

Well, as the folks all said, it was a beautiful wedding, just as Peggy and Dennis had wanted it.

"Quiet, with dignity, and just the two families and family friends," they'd agreed when talking it over, "because this is the only wedding we'll ever have—and we want it to be ours."

"I'LL ask Betty to be my matron of honor," said Peg. (Betty — Mrs. Jerome Linenkugel—is a longtime friend of Peg's.)

*The* day in the lives of Dennis and Peggy was a Thursday (January 29th), the place the beautiful old chapel of Mission San Juan Capistrano, some fifty miles from Hollywood. Here, 172 years ago, California's pioneer padres dedicated this holy ground in the then pagan wilderness. The mission bells the padres heard still ring sweetly today, and the towering gray olives and golden acacias they planted still shade the fragrant gardens they laid out.

Our Mr. Day, before the nuptial Mass began, was not the least bit nervous. Unlike the breathless, hapless young man he portrays on his own air show, unlike the meek and mild butt of Jack Benny's jokes on Sundays, Dennis was poised, calm, and collected.

"It's only the cold," he whispered to his brother and best man John McNulty, "that's making my teeth chatter and my hands shake. These thick adobe walls, you know. . . ."

"Yes, I know," John grinned sympathetically. "You want me to take the ring now?"

"N-n-no, not yet. I—I just want to keep it here in my pocket where I can check on it—myself—once in a while."

Father John Conlon officiated, and Father George Gallagher sang "Panis Angelicus" and "Ave Maria," and white tapers gleamed before the carved altar of Spanish gold-leaf. And Peggy Almquist, a picture bride in white satin and veil, became Mrs. Eugene Dennis McNulty, wearing a slender platinum band encrusted with small stones to match her dazzling engagement diamond.

There followed the wedding breakfast at nearby Balboa, at the home of Peggy's uncle Joseph Bahan, with all the padres joining their good strong voices in songs to Dennis and his bride, and Dennis and Peggy so busy kissing guests and being kissed they scarcely

had a chance to eat. The breakfast was gay, a regular family reunion with McNultys and Almquists from miles around, and it was hours before Peggy could slip away to change to her "going away" outfit—a smartly trim tailored suit—and return to join Dennis in their "escape." More kisses, a few affectionate tears, then the dash to Dennis's parked gray convertible, and they were off under a shower of rice and shouted goodbyes.

"I've a wonderful idea, Peggy," said Dennis suddenly as they sped along.

"Yes?"

"Let's," he said deadpan, "get married!"

"M-m-m. . . ." She shook her head. "Never again—because *that* time was for keeps!"

The honeymoon site was near Warner Hot Springs, a resort north of San Diego. Dennis and Peggy bypassed the Springs for his friend Ben Benbough's ranch, 640 acres in a wilderness of desert-mountain country. Benbough was an overseas pal of Dennis's, during their Navy days in the war, and his offer of the secluded ranch for the honeymoon was eagerly accepted.

Secluded? Except for the caretaker's cottage, two miles from the ranch house, there's not a human dwelling for miles. The house itself is of stone, with the three bedrooms in knotty pine, a stone fireplace in every room.

THE sun already was losing its warmth and the night's chill creeping into the air when Dennis and Peggy pulled up at the door. Fires were already laid, waiting for a match, and in no time Dennis had them crackling.

"You're beautiful, Mrs. McNulty," he remarked solemnly. "Can you cook?"

"By some reports, m'lord," replied Peggy.

"But I reserve the right to do the steaks," he warned.

That first meal was something to remember. Succulent steaks, barbecued in the Dennis manner, which means they must be marinated in a special sauce before the flames touch them. Stuffed baked potatoes, done Peggy-style with onions and cream cheese. Corn on the cob. Green salad. And biscuits, Peggy's own, feather-light and golden brown. ("I'm here to testify," said Dennis later, "that Peggy is a *cook!*")

They ate by firelight, with the dark velvet sky framed in the windows, the stars huge and brilliant and romantic.

But there was one item Dennis had forgotten. In that country the winter days may be warm, but the nights are freezing cold. In the morning, when he suggested a sightseeing ride, he found the gray convertible balky. He had neglected to empty the radiator, and it was frozen solid.

"Well," said Peggy helpfully. "Walking is nice, too."

So they took a sightseeing hike instead. As Dennis remarked, they didn't *have* to go anywhere. No singing lesson to take, no rehearsals to rush to, no on-the-air deadlines. Four whole days of freedom from the hectic rush of his career, and a longer honeymoon trip to anticipate later, when he would take Peggy to New York (which she had never seen) while he recorded songs for his next film, "Babes in Toyland."

Sunday, their last day, with the car's radiator now nicely thawed, they drove to the quaint chapel of Santa Isabel for Mass, and they delighted in the singing of the Indian worshippers. It was on the way back that they met their mountain lion—the big one that





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got away. "Unfortunately," says Dennis.

They were driving along when the cat loomed, suddenly, just ahead of the car, and Dennis had to swerve to avoid striking the animal. Peggy gasped, and Dennis thought longingly of his gun collection at home while he reached for his .22 pistol in the glove compartment. But the cat was too fast. With one leap it disappeared into a roadside thicket.

"Now," said Dennis, "I'm going to sulk. That was a fast 125 bucks that just escaped me—there's a bounty on those cats. As a married man with responsibilities, I have to think about items like that!"

Well, *that* honeymoon ended, too soon, when Mr. and Mrs. McNulty parked their car in the Dennis Day home garage in Hollywood's Los Feliz section and Dennis, true to tradition, carried his bride over the threshold. To hear him tell it, he did it in a walk—but "He almost dropped me," teased Peggy later.

"But, honey, you're a big girl," Dennis alibied, grinning.

Actually, Peggy is a slim young creature. And, incidentally, she meets the Day specifications for a wife as Dennis once outlined them in pre-Peggy days: ". . . a girl with good health and a zest for life . . . a sense of humor . . . interested in music . . . can cook and sew . . . and she must love children. . . ."

The Day home, a two-story Mediterranean-style dwelling, has twelve rooms, enough to meet space requirements for the fulfillment of their mutual desire for small McNultys. The newlyweds are settling down there now, looking for household help but with Peggy, meanwhile, doing what Dennis calls a great job of "pushing that vacuum cleaner, cooking those meals, and washing those dishes—she washes and I dry."

PEGGY markets in the new blue Olds that was Dennis's wedding gift to her (she gave him a gold watch band) and she talks to decorators about a few changes they'll make in the home.

She's arranging display space for her collection of demi-tasse cups, and trying to decide whether to bring her pet cocker, Mickey, to live with Dennis's cocker, Dink Trout. She and Dennis are working out a budget, and planning their New York trip, and how she finds time to write poetry (a secret avocation of hers which Dennis proudly reveals to her dismay) is beyond calculation.

And Dennis, when he isn't working at radio or pictures or his new song-publishing business, is laboring on the new barbecue. The bids he received for its construction were steep, and—"I've got two good hands, and friends," he explains. The friends are Pat Sullivan, a fire chief, and John Fitzgerald and John Kowser.

And—oh, yes, about those lamb chops that played iceberg. . . .

The Days' first meal at home was somewhat less idyllic than their firelit first meal in the desert. It seems that Peggy, newly initiated to the ways of deep-freeze units, forgot to allow those lamb chops time to thaw out before cooking. When Dennis came home to dinner that evening, the chops were still hunks of icy granite.

"We had pork and beans," reports Peggy ruefully.

"Peggy, you see," beams Dennis approvingly, "is a resourceful, *all-around* cook. She knows all there is to know about can-openers too!"


# Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



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**Which Twin has the TONI?**
Lovely Doris and Dorothy Du Vall are TWA air hostesses. Doris, the twin at the left, says, "I gave myself a $2 Toni and Dorothy had a $15 beauty shop wave but no one on the plane could tell our permanents apart."



# "Bless This Ring"

(*Continued from page 69*)

"It's just," she said, half-aloud, "that I don't know how Rosemary will take his being gone indefinitely . . ."

But deep inside she did know; that was what made the decision so hard. Rosemary was like her—Susy Dawson all over again. With both of them, the heart once given could never be recalled. Susy knew what it was to wait years for a man, with never a sign from him, not knowing where he was, or even if he was alive—and to go on waiting after all reason told her that all hope was gone.

Bill agreed with them that it was a good time to make the break. He had only one objection to make. "I don't want to leave her until after Christmas," he said. "I don't want to spoil Christmas for her, and I want it to remember for myself."

"THAT'S what happens to a love that has a cloud hanging over it," Susy told him. "If Dick had only faced Joyce with the truth in the very beginning—if he had only admitted to Joyce that Emily still loved him and that there had been other women in his life—all this might have been prevented. It takes time for love to grow into an all-powerful thing, Bill. That first burst of loneliness is like a crocus that blooms and can disappear without too much hurt. It's when the roots grow deep down into your heart that the loss can become almost unbearable."

"It can't happen to Rosemary," Bill said almost inaudibly. "It mustn't."

So Rosemary and Bill had their Christmas together, all that Christmas should be, with the family around them, and the turkey and the tree and the presents, and the day after Christmas Bill told her that he was going away. She took it well, telling herself that the sooner he went the sooner he would be coming back, telling herself that she had so much, so very much to look forward to. She rode to the station with Bill and Dr. Jim, and went home to find a note that Bill had hidden for her under the Christmas tree.

"My darling one, I have your picture and mine with me, but no picture, however good, is like your face with the snowflakes on your nose and on your eyelashes and on your dearest mouth. You are everything."

She had that, and the next day a telephone call from Bill, to say again how much he loved her. Joyce Miller, on the other hand, had nothing but her own fast-failing hope. One wire had come from Dick, saying that he was suffering from shock and would remain away for a while longer. Nothing else.

"Now will you come and stay with us?" Rosemary begged. "You'll feel better, Joycey, than if you go on staring at the walls of that room of yours. And you can keep me company until Bill comes back."

Joyce accepted. She had no other alternative. She clung to Rosemary.

"It's done me all the good in the world to be with you and your mother and Patti," she said one afternoon when they were walking home from work together. "It's drawn me out of myself. I'm beginning to think of Dick's side of it, to think of all he's gone through and how hard it must be for him. I'm so grateful, Rosemary."

"I'm grateful to *you*." Rosemary replied. "I don't know how I could have endured waiting these last few days, with no word from either Bill or Dr. Jim since that telephone call. Now that it's almost over—"

"Almost over?"

"Yes." Rosemary quickened her already hurrying footsteps. "It's just about time for them to be coming back. Bill will have gone through with his test by this time, and Dr. Jim has to get back to his practice."

"Go on and talk," Joyce smiled. "It makes me feel good to hear you, to know that two people who love each other are going to be together again. *Rosemary!* Isn't that Dr. Jim's car in front of your house?"

"It is!" Rosemary gasped. They flew down the walk, up the steps of the house. Rosemary flung open the door, crying, "Dr. Jim! Dr. Jim!"

"Rosemary, my dear—"

She was too excited to see the gravity of his expression. Her eyes were everywhere, looking for Bill. Her mother was there, and Patti . . . Bill must be in his room, hiding, to surprise her.

"Where's Bill?" she cried. "Bill—Mother, is he in his room?"

"No, dear. He's not in his room."

"He's not here," said Joyce in an echoing, empty tone.

"Of course he's here—" Rosemary said. "Isn't he, Dr. Jim?"

"Well—"

Susy Dawson cut in mercifully, "Bill's still in Chicago, Rosemary."

"Chicago. Oh, no, he can't be! You promised, Dr. Jim—"

"I promised to go with him," said Dr. Jim uncomfortably. "I didn't promise to stay there indefinitely. Bill had some things to attend to—"

"JIM, it's no use," Susy broke in. "Rosemary, Bill has made up his mind to stay away until his memory returns."

"Oh, no—" It was a whisper.

Dr. Jim cleared his throat. "It's the best thing, dear, believe me. There's nothing final about this parting—"

"How do you know there isn't?" Rosemary cried passionately. "How do you know that months—years—won't go by, and Bill will still be wandering around in a fog. And while he does—" her voice broke— "while he does, the memory of me may get fainter, too. I should never have let him go alone with you, Dr. Jim, but I trusted you so— And, you, Mother—"

"Give him a little time, Rosemary," Dr. Jim pleaded. "You're still very young—"

"Time!" she cried. "Do you think there can be enough years in a lifetime for people who love each other to spend together? What else is there in life for me but being with Bill? I'm through talking. You were staying at the Blackwood, weren't you, Dr. Jim?"

"Rosemary," begged her mother, "do as Jim asks and give Bill a little time—"

"No." Joyce spoke, and her voice was suddenly stronger and surer than anyone had ever heard it, ever. "All of life isn't time enough to spend with the man you love. Don't wait, Rosemary. Go after him if you can—quick, quick—before it's too late."

"Yes," Patti chimed in excitedly. "Go after him, Rosemary. I'll pack for you."

There was a bad moment after Joyce had got the Blackwood Hotel on the





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telephone and had transferred the instrument to Rosemary. Bill had checked out only a few minutes before. No, he'd left no forwarding address.

"Have him paged," Joyce hissed. "He may still be in the hotel."

Rosemary had him paged. After a few minutes she covered the mouthpiece and turned joyously to her friend. "He's coming to the phone! They've found him!"

SHE sat facing Bill at a table for two in the almost deserted dining room of the Blackwood. It was a window table, and the hotel was on the Drive; below them was the wintry, glittering blue of Lake Michigan; on either side rose the white stone and marble crescent of the city. This was Rosemary's first city, and she found it wonderful, all of it, but just now she had no eyes for anything but Bill.

He was smiling, hadn't stopped smiling from the moment, a little while before, that her journey had ended in the hotel lobby. No, he hadn't wanted her to come. It was all wrong. She must go back. But he couldn't cover his gladness that she had come.

"Darling," he said now for the fiftieth time, "what made you come when I told you not to? Now it's going to be twice as hard to leave you."

"Except," said Rosemary, "you're not leaving me." She was this way now, not pleading with him, not arguing, trying to persuade him, just quietly sure. There was nothing he could say or do to change her.

"I have to," he said. "I will not marry you until I know who I am, where I belong, what my background is, what . . . what involvements—"

"You mean," she said calmly, "that you're afraid you'll wake up some morning and remember that you're in love with someone else, or engaged to someone else."

"It could happen," he said. "I don't know. I can't be sure."

"But I'm sure. I've always been sure about that." She paused. "I love you, Bill, more than I know how to say. I love you with everything I am, with all my life. You love me the same way. If you didn't, I'd know it. And you couldn't love twice, not that way. I know I couldn't, and I know you couldn't."

He laughed helplessly. "What am I going to do with you?" he demanded. "You know how much I want you. I nearly went crazy when Dr. Jim went back to Springdale, to you, and left me here. All that kept me here was thinking that I had to do it for you. You've done so much for me, helped me through so much, until I know my memory is just around the corner—"

"That's just why I'm going to stay with you."

"But, Rosemary— Oh, dearest, I don't know what to do—"

"I do," said Rosemary. "Where do we get a marriage license in Chicago?"

They got the license, had the necessary blood tests, that afternoon, and then they called the Dawson house. Patti and Joyce were overjoyed at the news. Dr. Jim gave his blessing reluctantly; Rosemary's mother gave her blessing fearfully but wholeheartedly, and said exactly what Rosemary had known she would say. "But, darling, if you must get married, can't you come home and be married here?"

Rosemary wouldn't. Even with the license in Bill's pocket, she was still afraid that something, somehow would prevent the marriage from taking place.

But finally, it was the last day.

"I can't believe it," Rosemary said over and over. "I can't believe we'll be married tomorrow. After tomorrow I'll be Mrs. William Roberts."

"I can't believe any of it," said Bill. "I can't believe that you really came all the way to Chicago on my account. I can't believe that I'm so happy—"

"Me, too," said Rosemary. "I'm so wonderfully, warmly, deeply happy. I—Bill, are they calling *my* name?"

They were. She was being paged, to answer a long distance call. She would remember the scene later, after events had made it significant—the long couch underneath the windows upon which she and Bill sat, the twilight over the lake, the warm, winking lights in the tall, white buildings. She would remember getting up to answer the call, and Bill's signalling the bellhop, getting his attention; she would remember saying, "I hope nothing's happened at home"—and then stopping short, *knowing* that everything was all right at home. Knowing that she should not, must not, answer the call.

"Nothing's wrong at home," she said. "I know it. I'm not going to answer, Bill."

"Not going to answer! Why, of course you are! If someone's calling you all the way from Springdale—"

"No." She shook her head. "I'm not going to take it, that's all."

In Springdale, in the Dawson house, Susy Dawson replaced the telephone, slowly, before the disapproving eyes of Patti and Joyce. She was almost relieved that Rosemary had not been in the hotel. What, after all, would she have told her? That they thought they


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had—that they might have—some concrete information about Bill's past? No, she couldn't say what it was, because she didn't know what it was, or if it might be anything at all to do with Bill. Tell her that Peter Harvey, who had once loved—who still loved—Rosemary, had telephoned hours before to say that she must not marry Bill and then had hung up and had not called back? Peter was fine; he was reliable, but Rosemary would not have listened. She would only have been upset.

Late that night when the telephone rang at the Dawson's, Susy was asleep. But Patti and Joyce were awake, and they answered.

"It's an awful hour," said Bill's voice apologetically, "but we had a message this afternoon saying that Rosemary'd had a call from Springdale. I couldn't sleep for wondering if something was wrong, and I finally decided to call and find out."

"Nothing's wrong," said Joyce, her eyes meeting Patti's. "We were just calling to—to—"

"To wish them happiness," Patti prompted in a whisper.

"To wish you happiness," said Joyce.

"—and to say goodbye," Patti finished, seizing the telephone. "Goodbye, Bill, darling. Give Rosemary our love. I love you, too. I loved you first—don't forget."

"I won't," Bill laughed. "Goodbye, little sister. We'll see you soon."

Rosemary had a clear cold day for her wedding, with the lake like blue enamel and the dazzle of sun and frost. She had Bill's white orchids on her shoulder and organ music—from a phonograph—played at the timid suggestion of the minister's shy young daughter. The parsonage was a tall old house on a side street, the parlor tall and narrow and dim. Her engagement ring flashed gloriously in the half-light; the wedding rings, hers and Bill's, gleamed dully gold.

It was pure enchantment, all of it, even the cab driver who told them with kind cynicism that they thought married life was wonderful because they hadn't had time to know anything about it. Re-registering at the hotel, so that they now occupied one room instead of two, walking into the dining room for lunch—which was really a wedding breakfast. . . .

"I'm thinking of the Wishing Well," Bill said. "Of all the times we ate there, and I'd watch your face in the candlelight and wonder if this would ever really happen. I'd wonder if we would ever really face each other across our own table in our own house—"

"We will," Rosemary promised. "I'm sure of it. Don't you feel it, too, Bill? Don't you feel better about everything? Surer?"

"I do." He nodded slowly. "I don't know why—there isn't any reason for it—but somehow I'm not worried any more."

"I'm not, either," Rosemary said. "I feel so safe—so happy. I'm not going to worry about anything, ever again."

She really felt that she wouldn't. Upstairs in their room, in the blessed security of Bill's arms, she felt that nothing would ever hurt her again. From now on, anything could happen, and yet nothing could take away what they had now. The very worst could happen, if it would—Bill could forget her, forget this part of his life—and yet because they had each other now, belonged to each other now, they were forever one.





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# My Winning Nights with Heidt

(*Continued on page* 49)

This was the beginning of what the radio announcer on the program lavishly calls my "triumphal cross country championship tour" but what I considered privately to be "the miracle of the bellows."

But before I talk about that, I'd like to go back to the very beginning of my story.

From the time Dad won Mother's hand by serenading her with his accordion, that instrument has played a dominant role in my life. Dad came from Sicily where the accordion has always been a favorite instrument. Mother was an old fashioned girl even though she was born in Pittsburgh, so with my maternal grandpa sitting discreetly between them on the couch, Dad had to let the accordion do most of his talking.

MARRIAGE to mother put an end to my father's role as a romantic musical vagabond. They settled down in Fresno, California and started a butcher shop. The accordion lay, gathering dust, until I was old enough to toddle around. At that point my parents were always afraid that I'd hurt myself badly if I ever succeeded in my attempts to pull it down off its shelf. As a kid, I was always crazy about the accordion, but when I asked for one of my own, the answer was always:

"Wait until your taller. You have to be a big boy to handle an accordion."

Finally when my thirteenth birthday rolled around, the long wait was over. My parents proudly presented me with an accordion that was the best money could buy, and built especially to my measurements. I was almost bursting with joy. I knew that years of work and sacrifice had gone for the money it took to buy that accordion. Mom had to be a "butcher lady" by day and cook, housekeeper and guardian angel for her growing family in every other spare moment. Dad had scrimped and gone without many things too, in order to give me what I wanted.

As fate would have it, the very next year I shot up like a weed. The irony of it all was unbearable. I had waited twelve years to be big enough to play the accordion, my parents had saved all that time to buy it, and then I had outgrown my instrument in less than ten months. Mom and Dad grimly set their lips, gave me a look which implied that I had better not pull a stunt like that again, took my precious instrument, traded it in on a new one.

From then on, it was practice, practice, practice, and for variety, a little more practice. When I first went to San Francisco to meet my teacher, Angelo Cagnazzo, he threw up his hands in horror at my fumbling attempts.

"You call this music?" he bellowed. "Stop! Stop! Your technique is terrible. Here, let me show you . . ."

And he did. He taught me everything I needed to know plus giving me that extra something that makes a great teacher more of an inspiration than a task-master. I gladly traveled the two hundred and fifty miles to San Francisco and back every weekend because there was no one else quite like Mr. Cagnazzo. He took advantage of every spark of talent I possessed. I worked an average of five hours a day, and I have spent as much as thirteen hours in one day on the accordion. But "for love or money" my efforts have been amply repaid. At the time though, I worked so hard at my music that it worried my Mom. One day she dragged me to the doctor.

"Can there be something wrong with Dick?" she asked the doctor anxiously. "He never goes out and has fights like the other kids in the neighborhood. He'd rather practice or listen to music."

There was one time though when I was almost torn in two by conflicting desires. Californians are great sports fans, and in the high schools especially, a boy doesn't rate unless he's a star athlete. I'm six feet tall and weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, so when I was approached to try out for the football team at Fresno High, I was only too happy to attend the first practice session. That night, after practice, my father sat down with me.

"You like football a lot, don't you?" he asked quietly.

"I'm crazy about it," I admitted.

"You know that one football injury can ruin your hands for the accordion."

"Gee, Dad," I replied, struck by the truth of his statement. "I hadn't realized that."

The next day I went down to the coach's office and asked him to excuse me. That was the first real sacrifice I ever had to make for my music.

Later on, in high school, I was kept so busy that I didn't have time to worry about football. I was doing an early morning all-request program for station KARM which was a lot of fun except for one thing. I had to do my own radio announcing and that threw me for a while. But Bob Carlson and John Garrick at the station made me do it, and as it turned out, it was good training for the little "thank-you" speeches I had to ad lib later with Horace Heidt.

IN addition to the morning broadcasts, I was working nights at the California Hotel in Fresno with Lou Math's orchestra. I had always planned to work with an orchestra or with what musicians call a "combo," but my mother wanted me to be a soloist. She would watch me perform and say:

"When you stand up there alone, Dick, you play with your heart. I can tell."

I guess she was right. It was as a soloist that I competed on the Horace Heidt program from Fresno.

That first coast to coast broadcast was very hard on my nerves. For three days before it, I couldn't eat.

"Dick, why are you so upset?" my mother chided me gently. "The broadcast will be held in Fresno. It's your home town. Everybody knows you here."

The audience was filled with people I knew, but they might have been total strangers for all the confidence I had in their reception of me. Besides, there was Halyard Patterson, a boy I'd known from Fresno High, setting a swift pace with his tricky, brilliant piano styling.

I knew I had just barely beaten him out, when the official judges announced that it was "Dick Contino, plus thirty." The words meant I had won.

The next day I boarded the special car that was taking Horace Heidt's band to Los Angeles. Mr. Heidt had reassured my folks that I would be well taken care of, but I was feeling very lonely in spite of my excitement, when I saw a small, lively boy dressed in a white

sweater and blue slacks come hurrying down the aisle of the car towards me.

"Hiya," he said, grinning amiably and offering his hand. "I'm Harold Peck from Hollywood High and I think we ought to get acquainted because we're going to be roommates."

IT turned out that Harold was a dancer and he had caught Mr. Heidt's eye during the Hollywood show. Harold is a little firecracker, always joking and always ready to go out on some illogical jaunt in the middle of the night, long after our shows are over. I don't think that there are many guys who would pull themselves out of bed at three a.m. to go down and eat spaghetti. But "Peppy" Peck and I get along fine.

On the second broadcast, I had to compete against students from the University of Southern California before an all-USC audience. I didn't have much hope of winning against one of the school's favorite sons.

If anything, those kids at USC leaned over backwards in their effort to give me a square deal. In spite of my extreme nervousness, once I got up to play, everything went smoothly and I won my second contest.

The third and fourth shows were given in Van Nuys and Pasadena, California. To my continuing amazement I kept winning. The more shows I won, the more tense I became. It was getting harder and harder to face the ever-present prospect of losing. Our fifth show was scheduled for Omaha, Nebraska and all the wise-guys who had never been out of New York or Hollywood before, told me:

"Omaha? You got nothing to worry about, kid. What possible talent can there be in Omaha? Probably they'll have to hunt high and low to find enough contestants for the show."

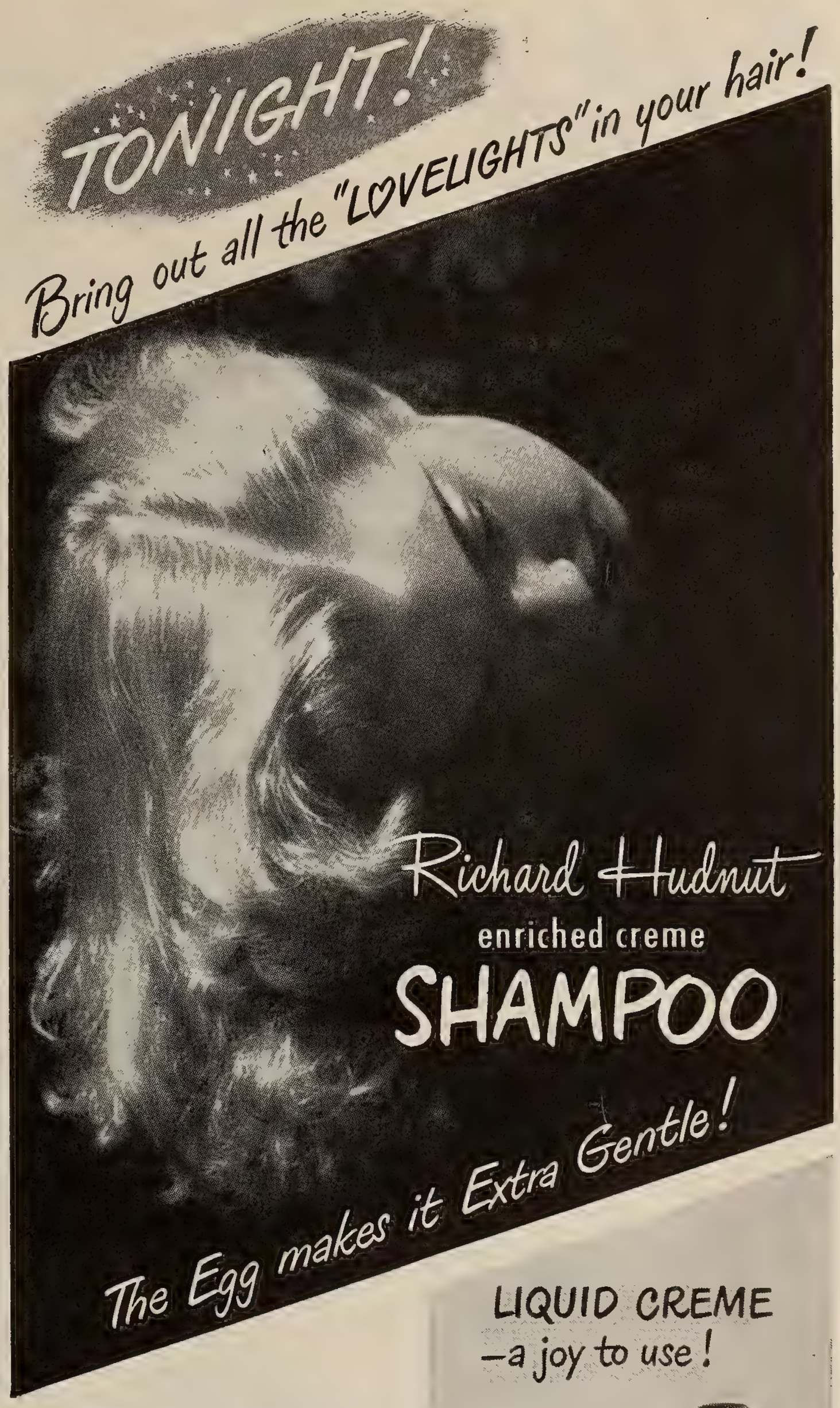
I didn't say anything to the boys then, but I had my doubts. Sure enough, when the call for talent went out, Mr. Heidt received a flood of two thousand applicants, and of course he auditioned every single one of them. Out of that group came Harold Parr and Johnny Vanna.

Johnny was a boy of fourteen who could play three instruments as well as I could play my accordion. Harold Parr, who has a deep, rich baritone voice was a graduate of the Nebraska School for the Blind. Both of them were so sensational that there was a split audience vote. It was mighty close, but the applause meter showed a small margin in my favor so I just squeaked through.

After that Omaha show I called Fresno and found that fifty members of our family had gathered to yell their congratulations over the long distance wires. It made me realize all over again that my family was my first and best group of fans. They told me that my Uncle Dan had his garage business display window full of pictures and write-ups about me. That kind of loyalty and family pride was true of every one of my relatives and I'll always be grateful for it.

Aside from missing the folks, life on the road can sometimes be very trying. Most of my fans are wonderful friends who have helped me greatly in the success I have had so far. I'm especially proud of the fact that there are so many boys who write me letters and boost me in their home towns. But in one of the largest cities in the United States I ran across a girl who was more phony than fan and she almost got me into a lot of trouble.

She first popped into my dressing-


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room one afternoon and announced, "I'm going to do some publicity write-ups on you."

"That's nice," I answered. Since publicity writers look very much like other people I had no reason to suspect that she wasn't one of them. "What paper do you write for?" I asked.

"I'm very sorry but I can't tell you," she said mysteriously. I should have realized then that something was wrong.

We didn't have time for an interview that afternoon, but she came back the same evening. I explained that I was due at an accordion studio for a rehearsal.

"I'll come too," she said firmly.

From then on I couldn't get rid of her. She followed me everywhere. After a day or so she stopped pretending that she was a publicity writer and told me that she could teach me some wonderful secret tricks on the accordion. This sounded even sillier than the publicity story and I told her so. But she continued to hang around.

One night, the whole thing came to a climax. We had done six stage shows that day, and at eleven thirty, Harold Peck and I were both dead tired. I called down to the stage-door to see if my "fan" was still there. She was.

"Waiting to have a midnight snack with you," was the message the stage-door man relayed.

"Let's wait up here in the dressing room until she gets tired and goes away," suggested Harold Peck.

We sat there for over an hour, practically falling asleep on each other's shoulders. Then Harold went out and took a peek at the stage-door. She was still there.

"We have to do something," he announced dramatically. I followed his gaze to the fire-escape outside of our dressing room window. We nodded to each other. Very quietly we put on our coats and started climbing down the three stories to the sidewalk. The street below was still brightly lit and the weekend crowds milled about. Keeping a weather eye out for the policeman standing on the corner, we proceeded down the side of the building.

Finally we reached the bottom and just as we were about to drop the last six feet to the sidewalk, our lady of the stage door spotted us. Then with her eyes blazing and her hands on her hips, she began to call us some pretty awful names. For a minute or two we just dangled there above the sidewalk while an amused crowd gathered below us to watch the spectacle. This was too much, especially since the corner policeman was heading our way. Without a word, Harold and I jumped right into the middle of the crowd and hightailed it down the street.

"You'll never get very far in show business with your attitude," she screamed, her voice fading in the distance. I thought of all the things I could have told her when it was too late, for she never showed up again.

That incident was just one little thorn in an otherwise perfect bed of roses. I went on with Mr. Heidt through Des Moines, Minneapolis, Youngstown and Cleveland. The competition didn't lessen in the slightest. Every one of those performers was outstanding, and Dick Melari from Cleveland really had me jumping there with his sensational imitations of the top crooners.

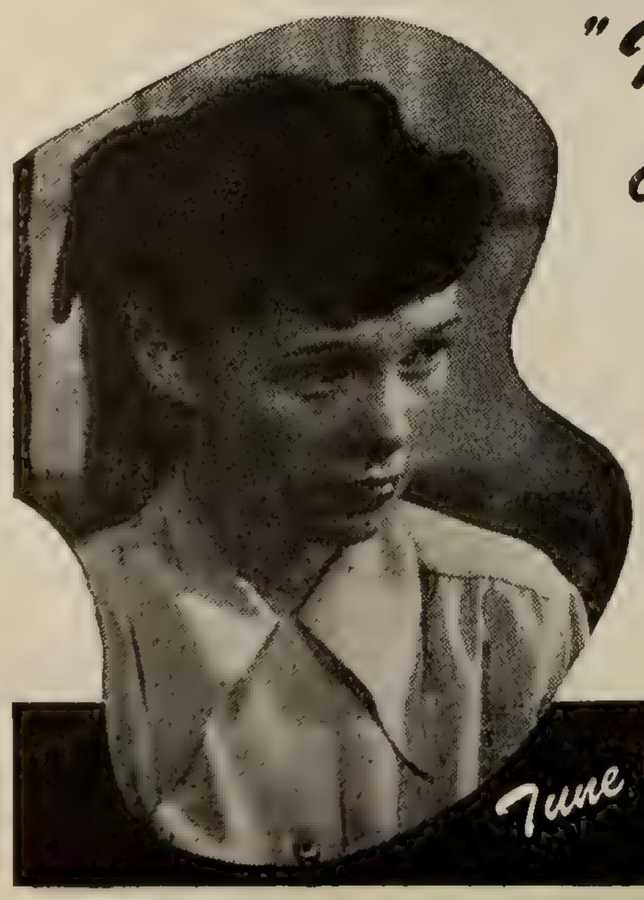
The stop after Cleveland was none other than Brooklyn, and it was there that I was sure my "championship streak" would be abruptly ended. Brooklynites are famous for the way they stick together and boost each other.

Yet when I got up to play, they were as good to me as if I were a native of Flatbush.

After Brooklyn, came contests in the Bronx, Long Island, and Manhattan. I was holding my breath. I had won thirteen times straight, and the fourteenth program was the quarter-finals.

Then, that fourteenth Sunday night, with my Mom and Dad sitting in the audience in New York, taking their first vacation after fifteen years of sacrifice and hard work in their butcher shop, I knew I'd have to win . . . for them. I played with all the heart and skill I possessed and sat down still dizzy with tension and excitement. The five minutes that elapsed between my number and the decision of the judges in the audience seemed like an eternity. When the announcer finally broke the news that I had won my fourteenth straight victory and the seven hundred and fifty dollar prize, I was happier than at any time before in my life.

Right now I have a weekly guest spot on the Horace Heidt Talent Contest and of course I'm still touring with Mr. Heidt's stage show. There won't be any more competition for me until the finals roll around in six months, with a grand prize of five thousand dollars at stake. Until then, I can relax, see the country, take a little time out for dreaming, and enjoy the friendship of the wonderful people who helped all this happen to me.

# "It takes the drudgery out of my mornings!"

—So writes one devoted listener to "My True Story" Radio Program. "These dramas are so *true to life* they absorb my attention completely. I listen while I work—and the housework gets done without drudgery!" Listen to radio's *greatest* morning show—presenting a complete true-life drama every day Monday through Friday; produced in co-operation with the editors of True Story magazine.

*Tune in* "MY TRUE STORY"
American Broadcasting Company

# Come and Visit Don McNeill

(*Continued from page* 33)

Merchandise Mart studios, and arrived at the McNeills' limestone house at 6:30 some morning, you'd find the real warm-up for the Breakfast Club in progress.

When the Breakfast Club first started, Kay took the responsibility of getting Don roused, fed, and out of the house with a smile on his face. Now it's the boys' job, and both Don and the kids love it.

You'll find them lined up at the narrow curving table that faces the yellow-curtained bay window, looking out on the big back yard which becomes, in successive seasons, a baseball diamond, a gridiron, a winter sports playground and a basketball court.

Though you face west, you get the impression of floods of sunshine, for the room is designed to bring dawn in early.

WALLS are white, and the trim yellow. The big, solid, modern dining table behind the little group has the rich golden tone of the white mahogany that decorators call *prima vera.* The deeply cushioned chairs are upholstered in a silvery shade of green that most closely matches a distant forest in the spring.

You might, some typical morning, hear Don ask, "Tommy, what are you going to do when you grow up?" He has seen that answer being lived out over thirteen years, but he wants it in his son's own words.

There's a map of old Erin on the boy's round face, and a thatch of red hair to top it.

"I think I'll be a mechanical engineer, an architect and an artist."

"Donny?"

Slight, wiry and intense, the second in line has a reply on the tip of his tongue. "I'm going to be an All-American football player."

For big Don, that's the echo of a childhood aspiration which illness blocked.

One lad remains on the roll call. Though only seven, the youngest already does tricks with words. He could, eventually, repeat Don's own major in journalism.

"Bobby?"

It's an elfin grin the leprechauns themselves could have loved that the small one turns to him.

"I'm going to be an engineer on a streamliner. I'm going to take big trains over the mountains and past cowboys and Indians and soldiers. I'm going to run them faster than they've ever run before . . ."

He stops. His dream outdistances his voice.

Don encourages, "That's quite a job, isn't it?"

Bobby considers. "I suppose so." Then the grin breaks through again. "I know what. I'll go on radio. Then I'll never have to work. I'll just talk."

They have, in a day when metropolitan living leaves many youngsters with only a vague idea of how their fathers earn the family bread and butter, an old-fashioned apprenticeship relation to work.

It's in keeping with traditions of the clan. Back in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Don trailed his father, Harry, around the family's furniture factory. Harry, in turn, had learned the business from his father, Tom.

The same father-to-son chain has been carried on in the McNeills' major


# How Ignorance and Prudery *can destroy a wife's happiness*



**Learn *here* the REAL TRUTH about these *Intimate Physical Facts!***

Often a woman's married life isn't happy simply because she hasn't *proper* scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts. And she's too lazy or shy to find out. Or she may be following ignorant advice of 'supposed' girl friends.

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Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different . . . stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U. S. A.*

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**Famous Model Reveals "Smooth Hair-do" Secret**

"Any girl can have a glamour hair-do, and keep it neat all day, if she'll do what I do — pat a drop or two of Nestle HAIRLAC on her finished coiffure" says June Kirby, world-famous model.

You'll be amazed at the difference HAIRLAC makes! Famous photographers and models know! HAIRLAC is delicately scented, absolutely harmless—keeps your hair smooth and glamorous all day long.

Get Nestle HAIRLAC at your drug or department store today. The 50¢ bottle lasts a long, long time.


hobby. The ancestor, Tom, working for wild-life conservation in a day when many regarded fish and game as limitless, earned a reputation as the Izaak Walton of Wisconsin. Don and his father go on fishing trips together today, and they are passing on the lore to the boys.

Don McNeill, the father, leaves Don McNeill, the star, at the studio.

Other members of the Breakfast Club cast tell you that when they get together for a party and play charades, as they frequently do, Don McNeill is the guy who turns into the curtain puller, or sits on the sidelines and constitutes a highly appreciative audience for their antics.

They also remind you that few persons realize how shy, studious and quiet he is once his daily performance is over.

Though master of his own house, he's no tyrant. He leaves the boys room to grow and tries to help them meet those special problems which face the sons of a celebrated father.

For such children do have problems. Tommy summed it up when asked, "What's the toughest part of being Don McNeill's son?"

Tommy's face was solemn and his voice serious. "People expect an awful lot of us."

AT thirteen, he understands how every action falls under the glaring exaggeration of the spotlight. If a young McNeill gets a C in spelling, he's labeled stupid! If he pulls a girl's pigtails, he's a young fiend; if he raids the neighbor's apple tree, he's a potential delinquent. Normal mischief can assume serious proportions.

Don works to meet this threat.

He believes that if all youngsters had a chance to work off their surplus energy in athletics and outdoor sports, there would be no juvenile delinquents.

He finds time to join his boys in their play. Late afternoon usually finds the four of them engaged in a miniature basketball game out in that big back yard, with the housekeeper, Gladys Rockwell as referee. Gladys, in addition to being able to cook, boasts a physical education major from La-Crosse Teachers College, and one of her own sons is high school basketball star.

Don's associates at the studio will also tell you he knows more about the boys' school work than most fathers do. Notice, when listening to his shows, how patly he questions a boy or girl. Usually he seems to know exactly just what school interests a child of a certain age will have.

The boys' hobbies rated equal to Don's own great enthusiasm for fishing when the McNeills planned the remodeling of the newly purchased Winnetka house.

Don's special room is the first floor den, paneled in red burled birch which his father helped select, and furnished with red leather chairs, a curved desk and a built-in gin rummy table. Cabinets, lining one wall, provide space for fishing tackle, guns and ammunition.

Tommy's room was equipped with a desk boasting a special drawing board that swings out of the way when he wants to work on his stamp collection. Donny's room has storage space for his assortment of match-book covers. Bobby's quarters allow for orderly disposal of his collection of toy soldiers, guns, knives and locks.

Best of all, each room was given a secret compartment for the safekeeping of those special treasures every boy hoards.

It's Kay who stars at home. She earns

her right to that stardom by living for them all.

When Kay appears on the Breakfast Club, Don carries the show. At home, the roles are reversed. Kay is a born stage manager.

She'll tell you that they do little entertaining. Because of the early program, night life at the McNeills' begins with dinner at 6 P.M., and ends promptly at 10.

Their friends say, however, that when the McNeills do entertain, everyone has a magnificently good time.

Even the big housewarming was fun. Nearly a hundred guests splashed through a late fall rain, when the redecorating of the new house finally was finished.

First house guests to initiate the new guest room were the Stanley Morners. Don and Stan worked together in the old days. The world, however, knows Stan better as Dennis Morgan, star of many musical pictures.

When yawns finally overpowered reminiscences, Kay and Don proudly ushered them to the room she likes best.

Located just at the head of the stairs, it's a grown-up version of that pink and blue room every girl dreams up for herself.

Done by a sophisticated decorator, however, the pink has become a rose, and the blue shades to a sea green. Quilted white chintz spreads deck the Hollywood beds, the deep carpet is a soft grayed-green tone, and the drapes are the deeper sea green shade. Walls are papered in a dainty rose, gold and green design. Lamp shades blend into the motif.

Morners and McNeills, climbing the gracefully curved staircase, couldn't help reflecting that there had been some changes made since the days they pinched pennies together. Expecting ohs and ahs as they saw the room, Don flipped a switch.

Every light in the house turned on.

That was the McNeills' introduction to a burglar alarm system former residents of the house had installed. With the decorating job just completed by Bernerd Armstrong and his associate, Virginia Andrews, Don and Kay hadn't yet had time to discover all the mysteries of the house.

Neither had they found the trick for turning off the flood of light. McNeills and Morners ran through the rooms snapping switches, one by one.




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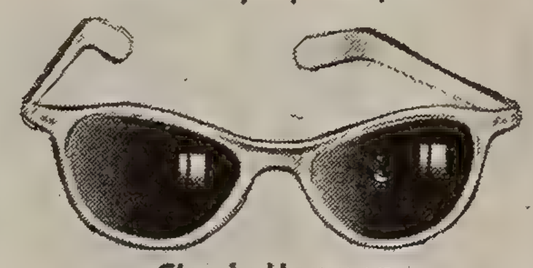
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***Costume-blend colors*** to harmonize with your summer wardrobe . . . *lipstick, pool blue, black, flesh, shell.* All Grantly sunglasses are *tested for optical safety* to protect against infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

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# *If You've Reached Thirty*

## new miracle FACE-BRA*

## for *NEW* BEAUTY • *NEW* YOUTH • *NEW* FACE LOVELINESS



The *new miracle* **FACE-BRA** is the simplest, easiest method of preventing and controlling sagging chin, drooping facial contours, wrinkles and crepey throat. **It eliminates, without skill or professional help, the fatiguing and discouraging process of spanking and massaging the face and neck.** Simply wear the FACE-BRA for half an hour or more daily or wear it while sleeping.

**Thousands of women use this *new miracle* FACE-BRA.** The skin of your face and throat is pulled up and back to its original position. Each muscle of your face, throat and neck is gently but firmly massaged, stimulating circulation—maintaining the freshness and vitality of your skin.

**Retain youthful feminine loveliness with the *miracle* FACE-BRA.** Put it on and you will see what we mean. IT WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!

It eliminates expensive facials. The *new miracle* FACE-BRA lasts for years. **Washable.**

**Don't wait for wrinkles, sagging chin, etc.** Keep youthful by using this new miracle FACE-BRA. You'll radiate loveliness. Your skin will be vitalized and stimulated.

FACE-BRA is the newest way to make lastex yarn work for you. It is a soft garment of nylon lace and elasticized cloth, and it is laced daintily at the back of the head. The action of the elasticized cloth is strong as the fingers of a masseuse and twice as gentle.

**Wear the miracle FACE-BRA while doing housework. Watch your husband's eyes sparkle when he sees your pink and white complexion afterward. Wear the FACE-BRA when you come home from the office, and you'll radiate loveliness when your beau calls for you.**

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Wear a *FACE-BRA*—
Prove the wonders it will do for you.

**DON'T DELAY!**
**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

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Please send me
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**What's life like in the**

***San Fernando Valley?***

**What the colorful candid pictures don't tell you, the story will . . . in AUGUST RADIO MIRROR**

★ ★ ★

***Remember Easy Aces?***

**There've been some changes made . . . . It's mr. ace and JANE, now. Complete with color, they're in AUGUST RADIO MIRROR, on sale July 9th.**

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Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor *safely, quickly* . . . yet is *positively soothing* to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps *soften* your skin, like a face cream. ***No other known deodorant gives this*** **PLUS** ***protection.*** Try Yodora, the *soothingest* deodorant. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.





The boys, next morning, restored star status. Each one asked Dennis Morgan for 10 autographs. Later Kay and Don learned the youngsters were good business men. They sold them to their friends for a dime apiece.

When the McNeills returned the visit in Hollywood, the Morner children didn't repeat the autograph stunt, but they did bring all their pals in to meet their father's friends.

Through it all, the McNeills have an abundant stock of old-fashioned loving kindness.

Louise Murphy, wife of Bob Murphy, one of the Breakfast Club announcers, recalls with gratitude Kay's help the day they moved from Chicago to Wilmette.

What to do with the four young Murphys almost had Louise stumped. In the midst of the turmoil, Kay drove up, scooped Dennis, six, Kay, four, and Mary Jane, two, into her car. Six-month-old Joan couldn't leave Louise, or Kay would have taken her, too.

Throughout the day, Kay and the boys cared for the children, took them to a nearby pool to wade, and brought them to their new home with gifts to recall the day. Dennis had a Boy Scout flashlight and compass. The two girls shared a big, beautiful blonde doll, complete with wardrobe, including a fur-trimmed coat.

The doll had a ready-made name, too. But, Louise adds, somewhere on the road back that name got lost. The little girls have never called it anything but Kay.

One of Don's greatest satisfactions comes from the Breakfast Clubbers' letters which begin: "I know you're a Methodist because . . ." "You must be a Christian Scientist . . ." "You're an Episcopalian, aren't you . . ." Throughout the year, almost every organized religious group will be named many times.

Actually, as their families were before them, the McNeills are Roman Catholics, members of the Faith, Hope and Charity parish in Winnetka. The two older boys serve at the altar. Faithful in his attendance, even Don's beloved fishing trips are planned to permit him to go to Mass. With his religion, as with many other things important to him, he keeps his inner life to himself.

Others find him a sympathetic listener when they have troubles, but he seldom shares his own. When Tommy caught polio last Summer, he had been in the hospital two days before members of the Breakfast Club cast learned of it. Even after they found out, it became something they didn't discuss with Don.

Finally, when the crisis had passed, and the rumor of the boy's illness had reached the newspapers, Don, during the show, asked Maestro Eddie Ballentine to play "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke," adding, "It's for a good friend of mine, now in the hospital. It's one of his favorite numbers."

The music finished, he explained to the Breakfast Club audience, "That good friend happens to be my son, Tom. We've had a little trouble in our family. Tom has polio. But, thank God, the doctors say he is going to be all right."

The prayer of the McNeills and the listeners have been answered. Tom is all right today. Look at those wide shoulders in the RADIO MIRROR pictures, and you'd swear he had never been sick a day in his life.

You listeners, the American Broadcasting Company, and the sponsors have asked many times that the whole McNeill family become a regular part of the Breakfast Club show.

You'll understand now, I think, why Don hasn't acceded to these wishes. At least not just yet. Kay is now under contract for regular appearances, but the boys' studio visits are still limited to a few times a year.

He wants to give the boys a chance for a normal childhood. He wants them to grow and mature, and develop a sense of values before they get caught up in the whirl of big-time broadcasting.

If he can help it, Don McNeill isn't going to let anything jeopardize that little family growing up in Winnetka.

Part of Kay's starring role in the home stems from the elegant specialty-of-the-house dishes she's fond of serving up to a hungry horde of McNeill men. Here's her recipe for a favorite family treat:

Coffee Cake.

½ cup butter
2 cups sugar
4 eggs, well beaten
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla
⅓ tsp. salt
3 cups sifted flour

Cream butter well, adding sugar and eggs. Sift salt, baking powder and flour together. Add to butter mixture, alternating with milk and vanilla.

Filling

2 cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1½ tsp. melted butter
2 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Cream sugar and butter. Add other ingredients. In a greased pan, put one layer of batter, then a layer of filling, until you have five layers. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.




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***YES!*** Find out how you can get your fondest wish. Fabulous gifts awarded daily.

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Daytime—Monday through Friday
on the Mutual Network

**DRAMA** **HUMOR** **LOVE**

Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's
***TRUE ROMANCE Magazine***

# Twenty Questions

(*Continued from page* 41)

Dad and Mom had recovered from their anxiety about their guest's injured feelings, they realized that Nancy had hit on quite an idea.

Van was so excited about it that he promptly took the suggestion to the Mutual Broadcasting System and they started auditions for the program immediately.

The past two years have told the rest of the story.

When they are away from the radio studio, the Vanderventers quickly forget their public life. They live in a lovely rambling ranch-type house in Princeton, New Jersey, close to Princeton University. Florence does all her own cooking. She does all her own gardening as well, but refuses to grow the green onions—scallions—that Van adores. A considerate, loving wife in every respect, she draws the line at green onions for what she thinks are pretty good reasons.

Blue-eyed, sandy-haired Bobby "McGuire" Vanderventer, now sixteen, is an average student at Princeton High School. When he is there, Bobby never mentions his radio work and is profoundly embarrassed if other students or teachers bring it up. Like most teenagers, one of Bobby's greatest desires is to be just like all his other friends.

ALTHOUGH he could probably maintain a brilliant scholastic average, Bobby spends so much time on extra-curricular activities, especially with the Boy Scouts, that his grades are just average. But both his parents feel that they'd much rather have an all-around son than a quiz kid in the house, so they let Bobby lead his own, very busy life.

Nancy, their daughter, is two years older than Bob. She has substituted for him on Twenty Questions during the summers when he has been away on Boy Scout affairs. Many listeners have noticed the remarkable resemblance between Nancy's crisp microphone personality and that of her father. She looks very much like her Dad too and has his dynamic, restless nature.

Fair-haired, petite, and attractive Florence Rinard comes from Farmlands, Indiana—that's just sixty miles from Van's home town of Tipton, Indiana. They didn't meet however until Florence, then a supervisor of music for several Indiana schools, attended a High School Music Convention in Chicago. There, a sorority sister introduced her to a dark, energetic newspaperman who was working for a prominent Chicago newspaper.

He was very anxious to take her on a tour of the city because she had never been there before. By the time their sight-seeing jaunt was over, they had forgotten about local points of interest and were concentrating on each other. Four months later Florence married the newspaperman Fred Vanderventer, and started on a life that has had its ups and downs but has never been dull.

After her marriage to Van, Florence gave up her job as a music supervisor and teacher. Things went well for a while, but by the time Bobby was born and Nancy was two years old, the nation-wide depression hit its lowest point. And so did the Vanderventers.

It is significant and typical of them that at this point Van and Florence put their heads together and came up with a scheme that had them working side


**Love-quiz** ... For Married Folks Only



**COULD THIS MARRIAGE HAVE BEEN SAVED?**

**A. Yes . . . had the wife taken heed of her husband's increasing coolness, known the secret of thorough feminine hygiene, kept herself lovely to love.**

**Q.** What does feminine hygiene have to do with married happiness?

**A. Far more than some women realize . . . but the wise wife has the assurance of complete daintiness when she uses "Lysol" brand disinfectant regularly in the douche.**

**Q.** But many women use a douche only now and then . . . is regularity important?

**A. Yes, indeed . . . it should be a routine procedure with every married woman, and always with "Lysol." Because it has marvelous deodorant properties due to its proven ability to kill germs instantly on contact.**

**Q.** How about homemade solutions, such as salt and soda?

**A. They are old-fashioned and ineffectual, not to be compared with "Lysol's" scientific formula. "Lysol" has tested efficiency in contact with organic matter. It is both effective and safe for delicate tissues when used as directed.**

**ALWAYS USE "LYSOL"** in the douche for its efficiency in combating both germs and odors. It will help you feel you have perfect grooming, "romance appeal."



**Check with your doctor**

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" in proper solution for Feminine Hygiene, because it is non-caustic, gentle, efficient. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears, carrying away all other unpleasant odors. It is so highly concentrated that it is very economical to use. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution. Have it always handy in the bathroom.

**For Feminine Hygiene—always use**

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*FREE BOOKLET!* Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

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WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.




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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident School work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credits for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.
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***Specially Made for Blondes***

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by side in a desperate effort to keep their family going. They teamed up, making pies and cakes in their own kitchen which they marketed through local bakeries. They also made fudge at home, wrapped it in cellophane, and Van sold it to local cigar and candy stores.

For Van it was a far cry from his journalistic career; for Florence there was no music in the job but it kept them together and it kept them going at a time when anything less than heroic effort would have broken up the family.

Later on, things began to pick up for the Vanderventers. They moved to Detroit and it was there that Van started his radio newscasting. After a few years, Van was transferred to the New York studios of MBS.

The Vanderventers started to play semi-educational games at meal times when Nancy and Bobby were both very young. They found it to be a painless way to keep the children well informed as well as to divert them while they ate their spinach. Even today they enjoy these home practice sessions. It keeps them in trim, and although they do not stress it, there is a certain amount of competition among members of the family to see who can get most answers.

THE radio program Twenty Questions as they worked it out is a kind of reverse quiz in which the panel of experts asks the master of ceremonies any number up to twenty questions, to which he answers "yes" or "no." From these answers they have to deduce the subject they are seeking. Here in their exact words is the way in which the five-man panel ferreted out the subject "The Slingshot with which David killed the Giant Goliath." After the studio and listening audiences had been secretly informed of the topic by a placard to the studio and an off-stage microphone to the home listeners, the questions and answers began.

Bob: Is it wearing apparel?
Master of Ceremonies Bill Slater: No.
Florence: Is it manufactured?
Bill: Yes, you might say that.
Herb: Is it connected with the circus?
Bill: No.
Guest, Clown Emmet Kelly: Is it an article of clothing?
Bill: No it is not. You already asked whether it was wearing apparel.
Van: Is it used by man?
Bill: Yes.
Florence: Is it edible?
Bill: No.
Bobby: Is it something connected with the past?
Bill: Yes.
Van: Is it famous for the person with whom it is connected?
Bill: Yes.
Florence: Was this person with whom it is connected a man?
Bill: Yes.
Van: Was this man connected with the government?
Bill: No.
Herb: Was he in mythology?
Bill: No.
Bobby: Was he an ancient character?
Bill: Yes, very.
Florence: Was he biblical?
Bill: Yes. Now you're really on the right track.
Florence: Was he in the Old Testament?
Bill: Yes.
Bobby: Was it David's slingshot.
Bill: Yes. You got it!

At the beginning, Van was the only member of the family scheduled for the show. At the last minute, one of the scheduled participants wired that she would not be able to attend the audition. Florence pitched in, and has been there ever since, under her maiden name of Florence Rinard.

Bobby Vanderventer, then thirteen, took an audition, and like his mother, clicked immediately. He, too, changed his name, and used that of his maternal grandmother on the air. As Bobby McGuire he has scored some wonderful answers and holds the all time record for the show by guessing the category, "Brooklyn Dodgers" on the very first question. It seems that when the placard reading "Brooklyn Dodgers" was shown to the studio audience they let out such a roar of laughter that Bobby, a baseball fan himself, took his striking guess.

Outside of the Vanderventers, the only other permanent member of the panel is Herb Polesie, radio and motion picture producer. Herb is a quick man with a spontaneous joke and has continually delighted audiences with his dry wit and unexpected answers.

For Herb, Twenty Questions is a family program too. Although Herb's mother-in-law has never been heard on the air, she is a minor celebrity. Invariably when a tricky topic is under discussion, Herb asks: "Is it something I would give to my mother-in-law?"

Bill Slater, the tall, white-haired quiz-master of Twenty Questions, is known affectionately off the air as the "Colonel." He studied at West Point and his checkered career has ranged from that of a radio sports announcer to headmaster of a select Long Island boys' school. Bill also has *his* family in on the proceedings. His attractive wife prepares all his notes, and does the library research on the subjects the program covers.

IT is very important for Bill to be scrupulously accurate in his answers to the panel. One wrong or even semi-correct reply might throw them completely off the track, and though he is one of the best ad-libbers in radio, Bill is often on the spot on Twenty Questions. For example, when he was asked if the subject "The Spike on the Devil's Tail" was human he answered after a little hesitation . . . "well, not quite human."

Bill likes to avoid any confusing answers for two reasons. If he leads them astray, the Vanderventers and Herb will rush up to him after the broadcast and lay the blame for missing a topic right in his lap. Then after he has quieted their incensed feelings, he spends the rest of the week reading hundreds of letters from equally angry listeners who accuse him of doing the panel an injustice.

It is pretty certain that the audience at home and in the studio is pulling one hundred percent for the panel. However, in the studio the roars of approval at a good guess and the roars of disapproval at a bad one are likely to sound very much alike to the harried panel members. After long experience they have learned to ignore the sounds from the audience and concentrate. From an all-around standpoint, concentration is the most important thing on the program.

Since the program started, two and one-half years ago, the categories have become progressively more difficult. The early subjects were fairly simple items such as "Truman's Piano," "The Atom Bomb," or "Joe DiMaggio's Bat." Now however the subjects are more com-

plex. Typical of these is "The Golden Book in which the Angel Wrote" from the poem *Abou Ben Adhem,* or "The Thorn In the Lion's Foot" from the legend of *Androcles and the Lion.* All the topics are sent in by listeners. They are taken from literature, current events, proverbs, history, famous personalities or places, and just about anything else that might be fairly common knowledge.

Generally the panel prefers subjects that have a direct connection with a famous individual. If, for example, they can pin down the fact that the topic has something to do with John L. Lewis, it is a very easy and logical step to the conclusion that they are after John L. Lewis' Eyebrows.

The hardest items for the panel to get are the ones they call "class categories." By this they mean subjects that have no personal, or fictional associations.

"To get a subject like the one we had recently, 'A Can Opener,' is practically impossible," says Van. "Once we got to the point where we knew we were after some kitchen utensil, we were sunk. With no further clues to go on, we could have named every pot, pan, knife and fork in a typical kitchen before we reached the 'Can Opener.' These class categories are haphazard guesses to us, and the audience is always surprised when we miss them because they seem so easy."

DURING its two years on the air, Twenty Questions has won a number of laurels. The program has been honored by the American College Association for its educational value. The National Parent and Teachers Organization has given it top rating as recommended listening. For two years it has received a blue ribbon for excellence from the New Jersey State Fair Committee, and Fred Vanderventer has received an honorary degree as a Doctor of Letters from Ryder College in New Jersey. In addition to all of this recognition, Twenty Questions has inspired several imitators, which as the saying goes, is the sincerest form of flattery.

The British Broadcasting Company developed a popular quiz modeled after our American program. There are also radio versions of the game in France and Japan. Radio Tokyo calls its quiz Twenty Doors. All of this attention and success has left the Vanderventers' life surprisingly untouched.

Florence and Van are still as modest as they were in the days when they had to sell fudge to candy stores. They think that they have been very lucky for the most part, and the fact that their names are household words all across the country has not affected their way of life.

Usually, on Sunday afternoons, there are several of the Vanderventers' neighbors in the living room. Most guests drop in for a few minutes and end up by staying a few hours. They very frequently play games, because it would be hard to resist an invitation to play and compete with America's prime parlor professors.

Florence has gotten used to the fact that some of her precious vases and lamps are bound to be knocked around when Van's enthusiasm for the game of charades gets a little out of hand. She is also used to the rumpus in the rumpus room when Van and Bobby get together for another session in their endless ping-pong tournament. And Nancy may bring sixteen of her "very best friends" home for a party, but it's all in a full day at the Vanderventers.

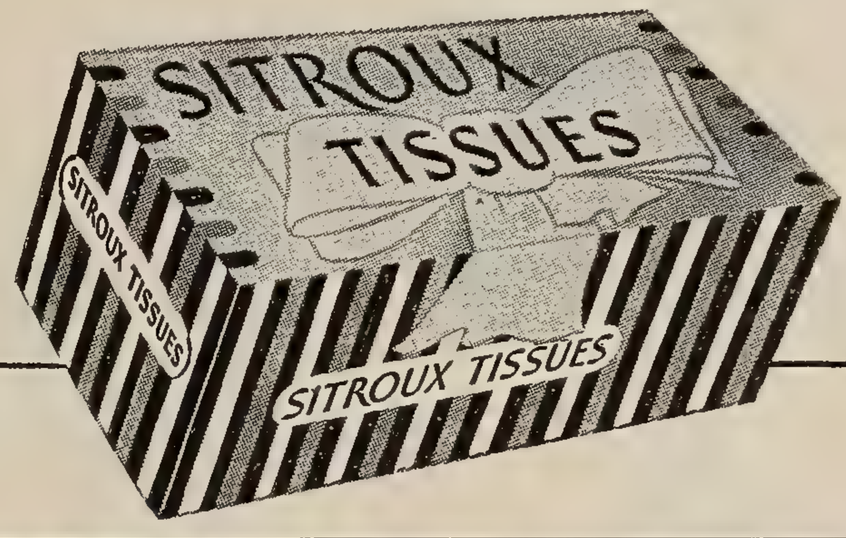



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# Radio's Number One Fan

(*Continued from page 29*)

to recognize and like the eager, but always well-behaved youngster, and to feed him bits of news not available to the general public.

Gratefully, Bill saved every scrap of information. By summer's end he had compiled a complete and up-to-the-minute file of every single audience show originating in New York City. Bill still faithfully puts in time every week on this compendium revising and correcting it as changes occur and the chances are that he's better informed on events in radio than many an editor.

When school re-opened in the fall, Bill continued to attend programs in the afternoon and evenings. On Saturdays and Sundays he caught shows from 9:00 A.M. to as late as 11:00 P.M., polishing off his homework between shows. And when he quit school in the sixth term to go to work, due to straitened family finances, he continued to follow this routine.

THE surprising part of it is that Bill's interest hasn't the slightest materialistic taint. He's no hero-worshipper or autograph-hunter, nor is he mercenarily inclined. As a matter of fact, he has a strong dislike for quiz shows, especially those which award prizes. With the true zeal of the simon-pure amateur, he abhors the "semi-pro" characters who haunt the studios.

Bill knows just as definitely what he does like. His favorite forms of radio entertainment are, in the order named: Dramatic, Comedy, Semi-Classical Music and Popular Music. His first choice in dramatic shows is Studio One, with Theater Guild On The Air a close runner-up. Bill rates Fred Allen, Henry Morgan and Milton Berle the best comics on the air, in that order. In the field of semi-classical music, Bill is equally fond of Morton Gould, Andre Kostelanetz and Fred Waring.

Though he is too modest to make any such pronouncement himself, Bill's tastes reflect an admiration for proven competence and, above all, obvious sincerity on the part of radio people.

Bill even owes his present job to radio, if only indirectly. About a year ago, while temporarily unemployed, he was, as usual, wandering through the corridors of NBC, between shows. It was there that his present employer found, questioned and hired him. Bill now is an errand boy and apprentice photographer for Camera Associates, a commercial photography firm which does work for radio shows, advertising agencies and for RADIO MIRROR.

You'd think after spending so much of his time in radio studios that Bill would be dying to get into radio. But it just isn't so. Bill's ambitions are centered in photography and his bosses say that he is naturally bright and shows a real aptitude for the camera.

Bill had a girl once who had the makings of a true radio fan, he thought. But she insisted on dragging him to every Frank Sinatra broadcast.

"Shirley would sit there and scream and sigh," Bill recalls scornfully. "I didn't mind sitting through a Sinatra program—he has a fair voice—but when she had the nerve to ask me to fight my way through a mob of crazy bobby-soxers to get an autograph from The Voice for her, that was the end!"


# Freckles



**Have you tried Stillman's Freckle Cream as a beauty aid? It is not only a freckle cream, but a beauty cream ... it bleaches and beautifies the skin, giving it a glowing radiance ... a softer, smoother look. If your skin is dull and lacks youthful sparkle get a jar of STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM today! Only 50c at drug and cosmetic counters. A postal card brings you free "BEAUTY SUGGESTIONS" ... a booklet you will cherish.**

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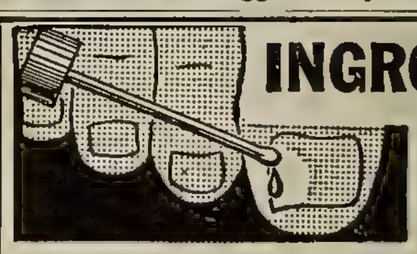
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**due to NERVOUS TENSION**

**Try MILES NERVINE**

**If jittery nerves occasionally get you so keyed-up you can't relax, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.**

# Traveler of the Month

(*Continued from page* 61)

daughter of a dancing girl forgot the intrigues of the palace and learned to be happy.

Then, on the same sort of night that had hidden their flight to the farm, Grace's brother slipped out into the jungle. Grace told me that he had never forgotten his Mohammedan training, and that he made his way back to Bhopal.

Soon after that, there were reports that Grace's brother, with family pride at stake, was organizing a force to return to the Himalayas, seize Grace and take her to Bhopal.

No chances were taken, and Grace was sent to America. Shortly after that, the Strong family also came to America, to buy machinery that was needed for the farm. The Strongs met Grace in New York and took her with them to their old home at Atlantic, Iowa.

The Strongs told me that they had "no salary, or means of our own." Just how they were going to buy all the expensive farm machinery was a mystery—that is, until all of the good people back in Atlantic heard their story. Stocking that distant, mountain farm became a community project, and every last piece of needed equipment was bought.

"Just how are you going to get all of that equipment back to your farm?" I asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Strong, "we'll go right with it—can't afford to lose it—on the boat to Bombay. Once there, instead of taking a chance on the Indian railroads, we'll load the family and camp equipment in a camp trailer, hook the trailer and our new threshing machine on back of our new tractor—and drive 1,000 miles to our farm."

I looked past our ABC microphone at the Strongs, at their three blond youngsters, three, four and seven years old, at slim, reserved Grace. I tried to imagine this troupe of pioneers churning their way through 1,000 miles of bad roads, no roads, and jungle, with a patch of land, just reclaimed from the tigers, as their destination.

These indeed were travelers whom I was proud to welcome, and honored to meet.

"I'd like to ask you, Grace," I said, "if you have any plans for the future."

"Yes," she replied, with a proud smile aimed at the Strongs. "Yes, I plan to be a missionary myself, and work with other children."

I'm sure I was speaking for millions of Americans when I wished Grace Godspeed, and said we'd never forget her.




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WAVE NETS

"FIT FOR A QUEEN"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR RETURN OF MONEY


# Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page 55*)

"The Games the Thing," "Are you Game," "Games are Peachy," "Come into my Parlor," and "Ain't We Got Fun." At least then you have the cold comfort of knowing that it was a good idea. Last but not least—not likely either—they may consider it a very workable idea, the first of its kind, suitable for NBT at this time, in fact they'd like to give it a whirl. A word of caution at this point, do not do a broken field run to your local real estate salesman, Lincoln Automobile showroom, or mink coat salon—put a cold compress on your head and repeat "I've seen too many movies" one hundred times. Mr. Davis will explain to you that they will take an option on your show and hold it for that time when they find themselves with a half hour to fill. They will push your program into that slot and see how it goes. When that happy day arrives, the show will be put into the capable hands of either Mr. Ed Sobol or Mr. Fred Coe, who will supervise all the details of actually getting it to the television screen.

It is obvious, is it not, that before you venture into television you must arm yourself with infinite patience, an indestructible nervous system, and a supplementary form of income?

* * *

The Dumont talent auditions certainly are the answer to a hopeful's prayer. Here is no brush-off, but a sincere effort to help talent break into television. Anyone who is ambitious along those lines can send a description of his specialty, experience, and background—along with a couple of pictures—to Dumont Auditions, 515 Madison Avenue, New York City. If they think you have any possibility for video you will get an audition under real broadcasting conditions—lights, cameras, director, and everything.

* * *

The sensation of the video world back in April was the over 60,000 requests for tickets which poured into WNBT for "Howdy Doody" buttons. Bob Smith's popular puppet is running for President, and if the kids had a vote he'd probably be the next occupant of the White House. This is probably the largest response to a television show yet. NBT originally ordered only 5,000 of the buttons—which have a picture of "Howdy" and proclaim "I'm for Howdy Doody."

* * *

If you notice that the men on television look very natty and well pressed these days, you can thank the Men's Fashion Guild of America. This outfit decided to raise the sartorial standards of video men and they did it in a very clever way. They established a "clothes bank" which makes available to all actors and commentators working before the video cameras a complete wardrobe of men's apparel and accessories. Bert Bacharach, men's fashion commentator who started the whole idea, stated when the bank first went into operation: "It is even more important that the man who appears on a television screen be properly dressed; for unlike other actors, he is visiting private homes."

* * *

Part of Owen Davis, Jr's. WNBT job is television programming and casting. One of his largest casting chores is the


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Theater Guild dramatic presentation. He tells this funny story about the time just recently when he was lining up Gertrude Lawrence for a Guild video appearance. Davis went over to the Theater Guild office to meet Miss Lawrence and talk about her part in "The Great Catherine." The Guild occupies an old brownstone house in West 53rd Street, New York City. While Davis waited inside, someone accidentally locked the outer door. Miss Lawrence drove up in a taxi and knocked at the door for a long while, but could not be heard. She gave up and returned to the street to catch another cab. Several children in the neighborhood accustomed to seeing dejected actors and actresses leaving the Guild after auditions, hooted at her: "Yea-yea-yea. You didn't get the job, did you?"

* * *

Paramount Pictures' television station, KTLA, is doing a video version of the rogues' gallery. In cooperation with the Los Angeles police, they flash pictures of criminals on the television screen for five minutes every evening. They do the same with pictures of missing persons.

* * *

Television is making itself felt in politics already. The big Republican and Democratic elections are being held in Philadelphia primarily because it is a television center and an excellent place from which to feed the East Coast. The conventions are being covered by the first "pool" operation in video history. The big networks take turns supervising the shooting on the convention floor and the results are fed to all the stations. Each individual station will monitor and cut programs as it sees fit. All the networks will send special correspondents to Philadelphia to get exclusive video interview and human interest features. NBC took over a dormitory of the University of Pennsylvania to house its technical crews. Special films will be rushed daily by plane to all areas that cannot pick up the direct television broadcasts from Philly. Three to four million people are expected to view the convention telecasts, according to Carleton D. Smith, Manager of NBC Television. Top NBC newsmen from New York, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, Denver, Hollywood, and San Francisco have


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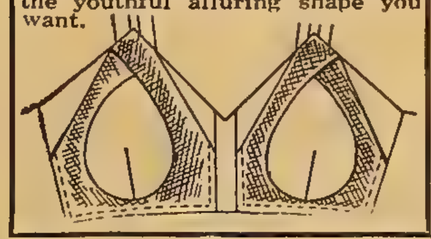
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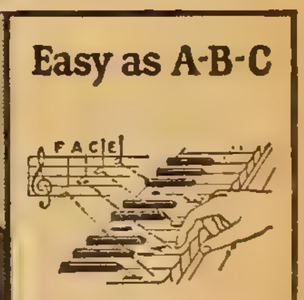
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been assigned to regional "grass roots" coverage of the conclaves. I asked what would be done about the conflict, if any, between the convention and the Louis-Walcott fight on June 23rd. Mr. Smith said they expected that the convention sessions would be in recess by the time the fight goes over the air—10:00 P.M.

* * *

ABC, which will resume its New York tele operations soon, has in the meantime enlarged its WENR-TV staff in Chicago and closed a deal to exchange film programs with Radiodiffusion Francaise. In this way the best television work done in France will be made available to Chicago audiences. Deal calls for the exchange of video films covering news, entertainment, special events, etc.

* * *

Back in the May issue we told about how difficult it was to do a remote tele show because of the bushels of red tape involved. We pointed out that John Reed King's Missus Goes A-Shopping had to obtain about seven different permits each week to do the program from supermarkets. Now the New York City government is working closely with broadcasters to make it simple to carry out any and all video operations.

* * *

Television is apparently going to open up a whole new field for mashers. Joan Kerwin, of Dumont's Swing into Sports, received a letter recently from an anonymous man, who told her how mad he was about her from watching her on her video show. He instructed her to pass her hand across her hair in a special way when she first appeared on "Sports" the following week—that would be his signal to write again and set up a time and place to meet. The Dumont boys were kiddingly urging Joan to do it—just to see what would develop, but Miss K. very definitely kept her hands out of her hair—and hopes to keep the ardent letter writer out of it too.

* * *

It has been found that television receivers put into hotel rooms actually make money for the hotel. This is why: visitors stay in their rooms instead of going out for fun; have friends in, and the room service charges zoom from a $35 average per room per month to $175—people who watch television order cigars, liquor, beer, and food. The Roosevelt, Taft, and New Yorker hotels are all-out for video!

* * *

WGN-TV in Chicago is planning an extremely interesting show in cooperation with the American Medical Society—which meets at Northwestern University during the week of June 21st through 25th. WGN-TV will televise an operation—step-by-step.

* * *

There have been a lot of jokes recently about how embarrassing it is to be televised at a dinner, parade, or sporting event when you are not aware that you are making a video debut. To avoid embarrassments, libel suits, and even divorce suits, NBC has had a special card printed, to be placed among the audience of any event being televised. The card reads:

YOU ARE BEING TELEVISED
*—Portions of this program are being televised by the National Broadcasting Company and recipients of these cards are in direct range of the television cameras. May we respectfully call to your attention the fact that during this broadcast you will be in full view of the television audience. Thank you.*


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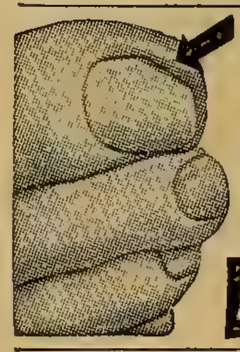
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Brunette Suzy Mulligan, glamorous Conover model famous for her petal-fresh complexion, has fallen in love with the beauty-magic of Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. You, too, will love the way your tired face responds to the quick pick-up of this white cream clay. And it's so easy to use. Simply smooth on—let dry about 8 minutes—rinse off, and thrill to your new look of radiance—of fresh, clear glowing loveliness that men adore. Get Hopper White Clay Pack today. Make it your twice-weekly "beauty special." And for everyday care, use Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. At cosmetic counters.


# Green Stuff

(*Continued from page 65*)

heat. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Turn into an 8-inch ring mold. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold on platter. Garnish with watercress and fill center with chilled shrimp salad. Makes 6 servings.

### CHEESE SALAD MAIN DISH

1 tablespoon plain gelatine
1½ teaspoons salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
1¾ cups milk
1½ cups cottage cheese
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
4 tablespoons chopped chives or onion

Combine gelatine, salt, cayenne pepper and milk in a saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling over low heat. (*Do not boil.*) Remove from heat and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into an 8 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan, or 8 individual molds (custard cups may be used). Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on crisp lettuce or watercress. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

### BANANA CREAM

1 cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
Juice of 1 lemon
2 cups water
6 bananas
1 cup heavy cream

Combine sugar, orange juice, lemon juice and water. Bring to boiling and stir until sugar is dissolved. Force bananas through a strainer; add to juice mixture. Cool. Pour into ice cube tray and freeze until mushy. Whip cream until it holds its shape and fold into partially frozen juice mixture. Stir twice during freezing. Makes 10 portions.

### HONEY REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
½ cup honey
½ cup sugar
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup chopped nuts

Sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Cream shortening until soft and add honey. Gradually beat in sugar. Add egg and beat until light and smooth. Add nuts and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients and blend until smooth. Turn out onto waxed paper and roll into a long cylinder. Roll up tight in the waxed paper and chill in refrigerator overnight or until firm. Slice thin, place on greased shallow pan and bake in a hot oven (400°F) about 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

### AMBROSIA ICE BOX CAKE

3 oranges
½ cup shredded coconut, firmly packed
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
Sponge cake

Cut oranges into sections removing all the white membrane. Drain well and combine with coconut. Sweeten the whipped cream with sugar and fold into orange mixture. Line bottom of ice cube tray with slices of sponge cake. Pour orange mixture on top of cake. Chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.


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# three to make merry!

Three new frocks to make your heart dance!

A whole, wonderful wardrobe for what you usually spend for just one dress.

No wonder smart career gals are rushing to get all three of these all-occasion, all-beautiful dresses!

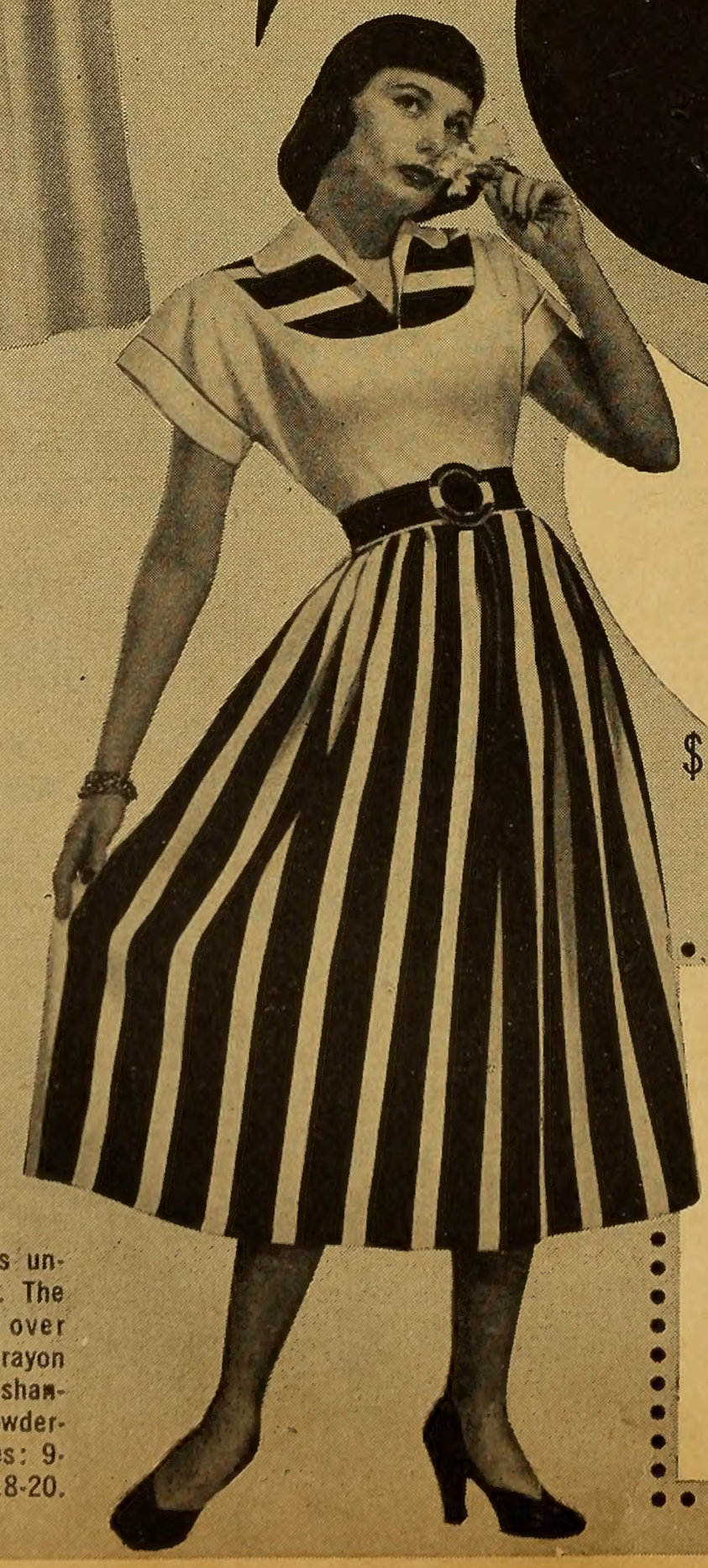


$7.98

**803**

**EMBROIDERED BEAUTY:**

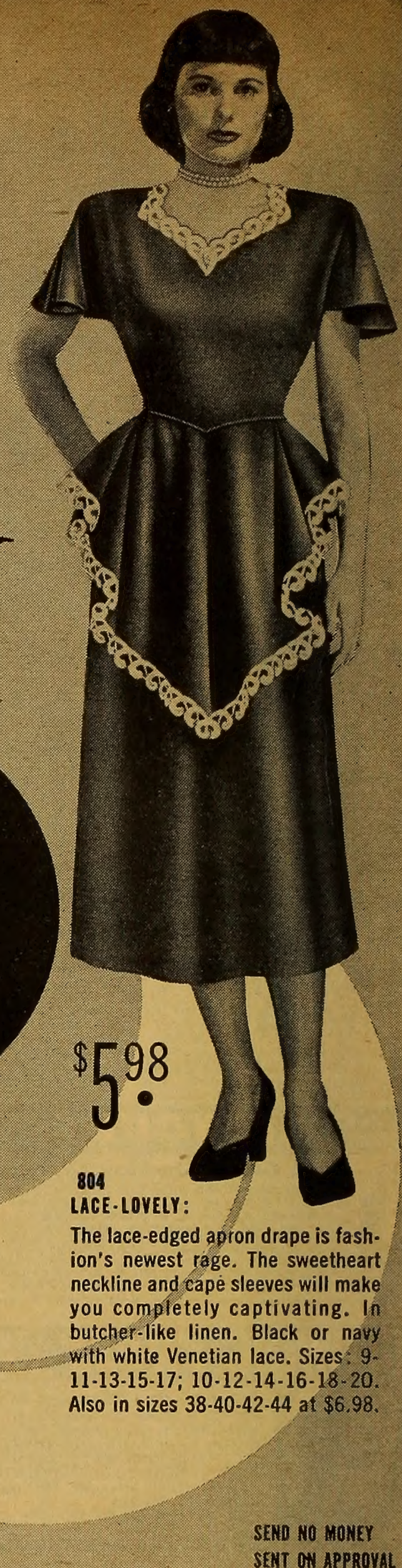
Frosty white embroidery trims the keyhole neckline and flap pockets. With center-full shirred skirt, and cuffed cap sleeves, it comes in crisp rayon faille, in powder blue, aqua, pink, gray, or black with white embroidery. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17; 10-12-14-16-18-20.



**802**

**STRIPED HONEY:**

The boldly striped skirt has unpressed pleats all around. The striped yoke gently folds over into a flattering collar. In rayon SHANDUNE, a new novelty shantung. Melon, luggage, navy, powder-blue, aqua with white. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17; 10-12-14-16-18-20.



$5.98

**804**

**LACE-LOVELY:**

The lace-edged apron drape is fashion's newest rage. The sweetheart neckline and cape sleeves will make you completely captivating. In butcher-like linen. Black or navy with white Venetian lace. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17; 10-12-14-16-18-20. Also in sizes 38-40-42-44 at $6.98.

$6.98

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*Preview Fashion Shops* Dept. MF 75

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Send these lovely dresses on approval. I'll pay postman the total amount indicated, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return any or all dresses for refund within ten days. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

| Name of Dress | Size | 1st Color Choice | 2nd Color Choice | Price |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Embroidered Beauty 803 | | | | 7.98 |
| Striped Honey 802 | | | | 6.98 |
| Lace-Lovely 804 | | | | 5.98 |
| | | | Total | |

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Helen Neushaefer

# *Miss and Mrs. America have* SWITCHED *to* Helen Neushaefer *Nail Polish*

***. . . the only nail polish at any price containing the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient . . . PLASTEEN***

THANK YOU, Miss and Mrs. America, for making Helen Neushaefer nail polish one of the biggest selling in all cosmetic history. And . . . *in less than two short years.*

Two years ago, Helen Neushaefer nail polish was unheard of . . . had never been offered for sale. Today, in store after store, town after town, city after city, from coast-to-coast, it is the favorite nail-do of hundreds of thousands of women.

Unsolicited letters, which reach my desk every day, tell me why they switched to Helen Neushaefer nail polish. The big reason is PLASTEEN . . . the miracle ingredient developed by my cosmetic chemists to help prevent chipping and peeling. No other nail polish at any price, their letters say, lasts as long or looks as lovely as my polish with PLASTEEN.

But PLASTEEN does far more than help prevent chipping. It makes Helen Neushaefer nail polish go on quicker, easier, more evenly, without annoying bubbles . . . gives it starlike brilliance . . . makes your nails look like ovals of rare porcelain.

*NEU LOOK*

Women constantly write me how they love the many fashionable, up-to-the-minute colors . . . particularly my newest shade . . . "Neu Look" . . . a gorgeous, stylish pink . . . as beautiful as a morning sunrise.

Miss and Mrs. America also are switching to my new lipstick with LASTEEN which I created, by popular demand, to harmonize with the lingering loveliness of my nail polish. Helen Neushaefer lipstick, too, comes in all of the day's most popular shades including the sensational summer shade . . . "Neu Look."

If you would like your nails to look lovelier longer . . . if you would like to be spared the aggravation of frequent chipping and patching . . . won't you try Helen Neushaefer nail polish with PLASTEEN. You'll find it in twelve beautiful colors at your nearest chain or drug store cosmetic counter.

At its unbelievably low price . . . only ten cents . . . you'll be able to afford a whole wardrobe of colors.




**10¢** plus tax with PLASTEEN

**39¢** plus tax with LASTEEN
in a golden-metal swivel case with the "Color Teller Tip"

*Helen Neushaefer*

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

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**Fabric Designer** *Stephanie Cartwright* **agrees:**

**"In designing fabrics and in choosing a cigarette,** EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

They *walk!* At the head of the fashion parade.

They *talk!* Of elegance and charm.

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An overnight hit—but to their creator they were the "happy result of years of experience." Miss Cartwright feels the same way about her choice of a cigarette.

**"Over the years I've tried many brands—Camels are the 'choice of experience' with me," says Miss Cartwright.**






R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

*More people are smoking Camels than ever before!*




"CONVERSATIONAL PRINTS"? Yes, they tell their own story of fabulous places and people.

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Yes, "T-Zone"—for that's the all-important area of Taste and Throat . . . *your* real proving ground for any cigarette. Try Camels. Let *your* taste and *your* throat tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience."

***According to a Nationwide survey:***

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!